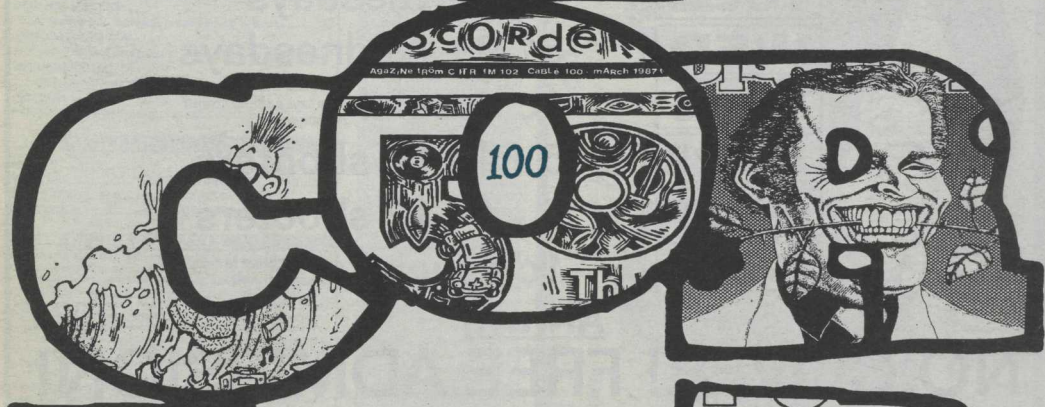
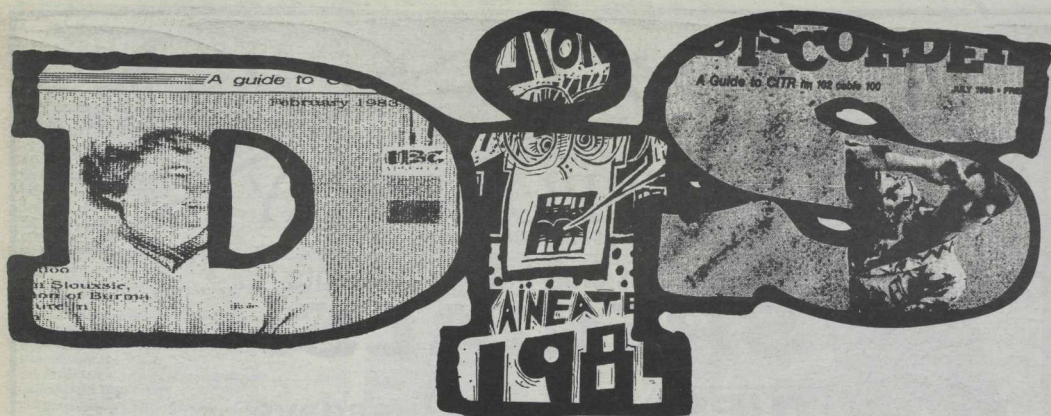






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DISORDER

MAY 1991 - ISSUE 100!!!

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OFFICE USE ONLY

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thank you all so much...

Well, at press time it hasn't happened yet, but unless something really fucked up, our 100th issue bash of the cruel elephant was a big hit, enjoyed by all who attended. We'd like to thank the following (in no particular order): Ed Lasko, The Evaporators, Octatracker, Young Youth, The Muffs, The Whistler Brewing Co., Non-Fiction Design, Teamworks, A&M, BMG, Capitol, Cargo, CBS/Sony, MCA, Nettwerk, Polygram, SubPop, Warner, and most of all, Paul Moes (The Cruel Elephant Man) and all the gang at the coooool elephant. Thanks once again, alla youse people, and we'll see you all around.

cows head chronicles

'you got down and did the ga-tor and half an hour later you were puking all over your girlfriend's shoes'

'the greeks don't want no freaks'

--the eagles

I don't know exactly what kind of game is being played here but I want it to stop right now because as far as I'm concerned there are a lot of people out there that need to have a load of salt pounded up their ass hard and fast okay so a few years ago you had a pager and you were somebody, then you thought in your little pea brain that to truly be a big fish you had better get yourself a cellular listen you nobody you puke you little useless piece of society no one cares any more anyone can own one and the fact is a lot of anyone do they're cheap for christ's sake my paper boy on his scooter who probably does more business per year than most of you phone toting pencilnecks has got one hey don't get me wrong if you're a realtor or plumber whatever then you need one it's just most of the weapons with them last had a job at the sturges counter at the 7-11 you don't see tom vu with a cellular go figure four nuns today whilst turning left at an intersection cut off several cars and proceeded to hang out the window of their malibu yelling obscenities and flicking cigarette butts at passers by leaving burnt rubber in their wake actually four nuns did cut some cars off today in an intersection and that's it but don't you wish the rest really happened? lately I've been getting really excited by women with really clean cut page boy hair cuts maryl stuart masterdon and tanita like am spring to mind most rapidly but it's not like an obsession although I did go out and get my hair cut short the other day telling my friends that it was just short for spring and of course if they happen to be under five foot five I'm truly a happy camper I find it disturbing that I am more concerned whether or not bob probert will be able to play hockey in canada or if the replacements are breaking up than I am about whether or not a close friend of the family pulls through an operation but how about those wings anyway? take a hint next time you have some baked beans put just a dab of prepared mustard in with them and stir a truly great way to spice up an old standby also a little salsa in with kraft dinner is a taste treat oh one last thing okay? no more walking down the street in the mall whatever wearing biker shorts if you've got a bike fine no problem but just trucking down the street in your hungry bum shorts is a major double loser action I'm sure you've got a cute butt but frankly you look like a putz well carry on and I'm sure none of this applies to you but just in case it does I still love you.

GOING TO

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SPRING

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SUN MON
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LOON+MOOSE
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86
street

early show	<i>Throwing</i>	late show	Sweaty
	<i>Muses</i>		Nipples
	with special guests THE WALKABOUTS		
DOOR 8:00PM	SHOW 9:00PM	DOOR 11:00PM	SHOW 12:00AM

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1991 READERS' SURVEY

Disorder & "The Scene": where has the last nine years taken us? In going over the last 99 issues of Disorder, our staff members (aided by a collective wave of nostalgia for the "alternative scene," that's Tom Anselmi once called anemism: "Punk the scene," Anselmi explained, "It has finally died in the arms of morons and bloodsuckers." And to think that that was in 1988. Like the flower of war, but here pulled from the coffee table that one finds where one awakens the morning after a party, only to find one had passed out naked on the living room floor for all to see, this quote causes us to squint, shake our heads, and most importantly, OPEN OUR EYES. He was right. A morning was held, and by a very narrow margin, the Disorder publications committee decided it was time for a serious format change. Some of the factors that played a significant role in our decision were:

• **Cost: AM 800.** This ingenious late night truly has its finger on the pulse of Vancouver's underground music community. As much as we hate to admit it, in less than one year, The Spirit of Radio has us licked. Not only are they a far better vehicle for the city's advertisers, but face it, with their comb of local radio icons like Shadow Stevens and the cream of ex-CITR's DJ's like Paula Spurr, their programming can't be beat.

• **New Moves/AF Magazine:** With articles on Vancouver's tastiest underground acts (Tashib, Dogpila, Bob's Yer Uncle, The Odds, the list is endless), as well as all the big name touring acts (Sonic Youth, Jellyfish, Himeen, etc.), these two midsize (no, we weren't the first) papers effectively cover all the bases, leaving us only to lap up the scraps. Both have a higher production value (witness NM's full colour cover, AF's anarchic yet readable layout, and the fact that both are stapled and trimmed), and as one of our longtime friends commented, "They're a much better read."

• **UTV:** As you may want, but this inde TV station has come a long way from the infamous *Entertainment* debacle. Take Disorder and give it a soundtrack and you've got the hellishly minimal UTV night, hosted by CITR slacker Chris Hebb. Fuck Dave Letemias, this guy is wicked with his aerobic "I don't give a shit" attitude. And besides, who else would have the guts to show a No Fun performance openly taunting grishly viewers by yelling "Shitless" at the end? Null said.

• **The Georgia Straight:** OK, we've had our moments poking fun at "The Vancouver Weekly", but in all honesty, it lives up to its name admirably. Probably even Straight employees would agree there have been a few fairly superficial stories scattered over the last few years, but with the Straight's recent commitment to cover issues as well as entertainment, they've (to their credit, mind you) effectively gobbled up the last area of interest to our one-loyal readership.

The point is this. Sure, back in 1983 CITR and Disorder may have meant something to someone, but what with Bush, Mulroney, the new conservatism, and the intense competition from other Vancouver media (above), we've found ourselves torn between staying on the "cutting edge," dealing with extremely obscure bands and issues in the hopes that we can reach the five people who are actually interested (and who, together, probably couldn't scrape up enough change for a cigarette, let alone one of our advertisement products), and generating more accessible, but sadly more bland and ultimately disposable coverage of a tired scene that is propped up, it seems, only by our desire to perpetuate it. After all, how many insane *Nordwest* articles or long-winded interviews with eastern European bands with unpronounceable names can Vancouver take? The sheer volume of critical letters we receive daily would suggest that we surpassed the saturation point long ago.

Something better change, as D.O.A. once wrote, and that something is us. Unable to decide on an appropriate direction for new Disorder (if indeed, it will be called that), we enlisted the services of Kageutsu Associates, a local PR firm, to help us tailor our new approach. They suggested we go around the campus, the city and the province to find out what people wanted to see, so here, in our most recent survey for 1991, please fill in, cut and send it back to us. They say that in this day and age the only way to cast a vote is as the cash register, but the mailbox is the next best bet. Remember: you can't bitch if you don't vote.

The following survey is based on the Rosenberg/Flexo survey model provided by the MIT Publicity Research studies of Rosenberg and Smith (1967). The most unique feature of the survey is that the questions, owing to their "open-ended" structure, offer a flexible mode of response. Please feel free to use a second sheet of paper if you would prefer to give long-hand answers. Please complete the survey in black ink and mail it to: Disorder Survey, #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC [CANADA] V6T 1Z1. While the inclusion of your name and telephone number would be appreciated, it is by no means obligatory. Please be advised that by returning this survey, you are consenting to having your answers used, in whole or in part, in whatever way either Disorder or Kageutsu Associates sees fit.

1) Many people complain that the present Disorder is poorly printed, that it is difficult to read in the bath/on the bus, and that it is "disposable." What format should the magazine take?

- a) Old "Pony Tab" format
- b) Glossy, stapled cover
- c) Photocopied
- d) Annual leather-bound hardcover
- e) STAY THE SAME

2) Disorder has always covered local music, but in the face of intense competition, we must change our outlook. How should we approach local music coverage?

- a) Be more supportive
- b) Be more positive
- c) Be more flip
- d) More articles on Vertical After
- e) STAY THE SAME

3) Disorder is always trying to discover the next "big thing." What local bands would you like to see profiled in future editions of Disorder?

- a) _____
- b) _____
- c) _____
- d) STAY THE SAME

4) What band(s) are you in?

- a) Evil Twang/Spunk/Scramblers spin-off
- b) None
- c) See (3) above

5) Recently, the adjective "punk," used to describe one's attitude/outlook, has seen increased use in Disorder. What does this term mean to you?

- a) Fashion statement (blue hair, leather, etc)
- b) Lifestyle (welfare, junkie, order)
- c) Musical taste (loud, fast, subversive lyrics)
- d) Who cares?

6) What other publications do you read?

- a) Georgia Straight/AF/Nite Moves
- b) Vancouver/Western Living/Homemakers'
- c) Outlaw/Easy Rider/Readers' Digest
- d) Province/Sun/Sesame Street
- e) No can read

7) Many magazines have featured guest editors recently. If the new Disorder invited a guest editor, who should it be?

- a) Joey Shithead
- b) Joey Meatrack
- c) Spike Lee
- d) Chris Hebb
- e) Me - I'm pretty smart
- f) Other
- g) Do not have one

8) Censorship has been a hot issue recently. Disorder has received criticism that it contains "too much foul language." What effect do you feel swearing has on the readership?

- a) Causes breakdown of morals/attitudes
- b) Encourages anti-social crime (muggings, etc)
- c) Reduces vocabulary
- d) Upsets the elderly
- e) No effect/Fuck off

9) Please complete the following sentence. "I think the new Disorder should..."

- a) have less swearing."
- b) have more swearing."
- c) have a warning sticker on the cover."
- d) have fewer articles by Bruno."
- e) stay the same."

10) Which, if any, words do you feel are inappropriate for inclusion in the new Disorder?

- a) Fuck
- b) Shit
- c) Butthole Surfers
- d) Social Credit Rules!!!
- e) None

11) It is no secret that Disorder has felt the pressure caused by Coast 800 AM. How should the new Disorder deal with Coast?

- a) Leave CITR/Move to Coast
- b) Be supportive, there's room for everyone
- c) Don't worry: their ship is sinking fast/they suck
- d) Give up
- e) STAY THE SAME

12) Over the last decade, our readership has matured. The Grade 7 reader in 1983 is now in 2nd year university. What issues/events would be more appropriate for today's older, more serious reader?

- a) Local politics
- b) Fashion
- c) Successful local bands
- d) Pacific Rim business news
- e) Top news stories of 1983
- f) STAY THE SAME

13) Experts agree that a magazine must appeal to its audience. Please suggest or select some feature titles that interest you.

- a) BC's Communists: A Who's Who
- b) Can General Anaesthetics Kill You?
- c) My Three Sons... Again!
- d) Smashup on the 401! (Fiction feature)
- e) The Red Adair Story
- f) These Cars of the Future Run on Chickenshit
- g) No idea

14) These same experts agree that layout is all important to a magazine's success. How do you think Disorder should improve its layout?

- a) Larger, easy-to-read type
- b) More pictures, less talk
- c) Re-hire Bill Muller/Matt Richards
- d) More creativity (hard to read, confusing etc...)
- e) STAY THE SAME

15) In 1990, Disorder ran a satirical feature entitled *D*MAG*, suggesting a possible future for the magazine. Many of the ideas in *D*MAG* are being considered for the new Disorder. What, if any, ideas from *D*MAG* would you like to see implemented?

- a) Corporate ownership
- b) Advertising on the cover/center spread
- c) Mentions of Alex Varty that will get us in shit
- d) Nothing, I didn't understand it
- e) STAY THE SAME

16) One time-honored technique employed by magazine

consultants is the name change. If Disorder were to change its name, what new name would you choose?

- a) Horny Biker Slut Comix
- b) The Seeyeteare
- c) Day Moves
- d) How Sound
- e) STAY THE SAME

17) Bubblegum, bubblegum, in a dish. How many bubblegum do you wish?

- a) 1
- b) 2
- c) 3
- d) I haven't read this far
- e) STAY THE SAME

18) Our byline is "That Magazine from CITR FM 102." A new title would suggest a new byline. What slogan would best sum up the new Disorder as you would like to see it?

- a) The Vancouver Monthly
- b) Don't Belyache: You Get What You Pay For
- c) Free to all households West of Cambie
- d) Shifting Gears for Over 40 Years!
- e) Adult Readers ONLY
- f) STAY THE SAME

19) Many letters complain that Disorder singles out and picks on specific groups. Which, if any, groups are unfairly attacked in Disorder?

- a) Bouncers
- b) "Punkies" Punks
- c) Fat, folk, lame-ass hippies
- d) Skinny Puppy fans
- e) Vertical After
- f) All of the above
- g) None - they all suck

20) Please complete the following sentence. "I would be willing to pay for Disorder if..."

- a) there were stories that interested me."
- b) it helped support CITR."
- c) it had a SubPop logo on the back."
- d) it was still free."
- e) cows could fuckin' fly, pal."

One key feature of the Rosenberg/Flexo survey is the inclusion of a participant profile. Your responses will help us classify and qualify your survey results. Please fill out the following.

Age Group Sex
a) 0-25 a) M
b) 25+ b) F

Do you listen to CITR?
a) Yes b) No
c) Of course not c) Cit what?

Occupation
a) UI b) Welfare
c) Music Related Business c) Real Job

Are you "punk"?
a) Yes b) No
c) On weekends c) Zoss off, mate

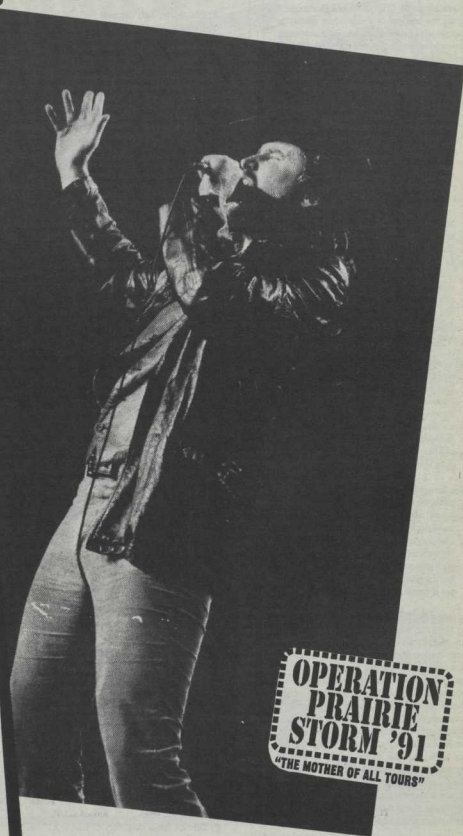
Thank you for your time. Your cooperation in this matter is appreciated. Return to your homes. There is nothing to see here. Don't make me use this.

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CiTR presents
101.9 FM

BEAT FARMERS

with guests Jr. Gone Wild



**OPERATION
PRAIRIE
STORM '91**
"THE MOTHER OF ALL TOURS"

MAY 10 & 11 DOORS 8 PM

The Fabulous
COMMODORE
870 Granville Mall

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Every wonder what happened to all those wacky kids who worked so hard over the years to make Disorder the paragon of rock and roll journalism it is? Think of this as a little reunion, except you don't have to get dressed up and make small talk with people you don't really like.

12 MIDNITE - gone legit; runs Smash gallery
ABRAMOWITZ, MINDY - thinking of taking up basking
ADAMSON, ROB - just a stupid dummyhead
AERIS, LAURENT - kissing up
ALEXSON, TANIA - moved to South America; moved back
ALSTAD, KENT - guitarist, @#&
ANDERSON, RICK - building radio station, Pat Burns' lackey
ARGO, BRENT - turned into an architect
AWENDER, RICK - searching for the perfect Siamese cat
BADANG, GORD - organizing Go-Food reunion
BAKER, BILL - boss, Mini Records; Pat Burns' lackey
BALDWIN, GILLIE - hanging out with Psychotic Nation
BALL, DAVE - selling photocopies
BARRATT, GEORGE - runs Barnat Electronics/West Indies recordshop; dj's at Graceland
BROWN, LAMMY - starting Helsinki chapter of Hootenay Saturday Night Fun Club
BEEMAN, JUDITH - got married, homocyned in Ontario
BENNETT, GUY - moved to New York; friends with Bert Eason III
BEST, NIGEL - alternative promo rep for Warner, Toronto
BLOCK, JOHANNA - changed hair-color; runs Harrison Hot Springs gallery
BOLDT, JAMES - architect
BOLLIER, JOHN - on an island
BOWMAN, GAVIN - moved to Cambridge
BRAYSHAW, CHRIS - befriended EID
BRAYSHAW, DREW - looks like above
BREDI, JENNIFER - went away and never came back
BROADWAY, JEROME - misanthrope; ex-standup comedian
BROOKS, PAUL T. - shaved head, changed first name to Bubba
BROWN, GAVIN - having his features surgically altered
BUCHANAN, CHRIS - 7-11 Shurpee clerk
BULL, DON - building boats, using a bulldozer
BURNS, PETER - Shining Path singer, NW writer
BUTTLE, JEFF - freelancing
CAMERON, ROSS - went to law school in Alberta
CAMPBELL, DAVE - moved to Alaska
CAREL MOISEWITZ - famous artist; politically correct
CHAPMAN, PAT - got kicked out of the Picasso Set
CARSWELL, DAVID - guitar wanker in nostalgia combo, The Smugglers
CARTER, RAY/MANADAN - famous artist
CATHERINE, SUSAN - eating lunch
CHEKHOFF, SCOTT - stripper
CHEERY, MIKE - reggae show dj on CTR; lives on an island
CHESTER, MARTIN - editor, Ulysseye; Yuki's guy
CHESTERMAN, SARAH - professional

al sycophant; AF Mag/Lisa Marie Room
CHOW, DON - moved into a warehouse; wears a Raiders jacket
CHRISTIANSEN, LISA - got married; still out for kicks
CLARKE, PAUL - last seen at Guilty By Suspicion (first part)
CLARKES, LINCOLN - fashion photographer
DUNLOP, LANE - got married; Network road manager
COATES, GEOFF - wandering with Roland; using "da word boogie" in an intelligent way
COUCHMAN, FIONA - Smugglers groupie
COULEY, MARK - moved to TO, trying to get rockably relevant going again
COURTMECHAN, PETER - working on noise with three dimensional psychocoustic interactivity
COURY, MICHAEL - taking photos for the Ulysseye
CREEDE, GERALD - still doing poetry
CROCKFORD, ROSS - lawyer
CROWTHER, LUCY - selling ads for Common Ground?
CRUTCHLEY, IAN - famous composer after quitting this mag
CSEKENYI, ANDREA - giving someone else a pain in the ass
CUMMINGS, JIM - still Vancouver's "punk" artist; featured in Vancouver Island fashion/film festival spread
DAFOE, CHRIS - got custody job as Toronto Star music columnist; cause of the laughable belief that a Disorder editor can "write his own ticket" after quitting this mag
DAMIANOS, ERIC - doing something somewhere in Vancouver
DAMSELL, KEITH - jockeying for top marks at highest journalism school east; writing for Secret Lives
DAVIES, BEV - still living on her laurels as Vancouver's premier punk photographer
DAY, KATHY - working in B.C. film industry
DE LA CUEVA, HORACIO - still at UBC
DE LESELUZ, DAVID - in Engineering, UBC
DEBOWSKI, CLAUDE - went back to the old country
DEMCHUCK, BEVERLY - just got back from somewhere
DENNIS, MIKE - paint store manager; got a commerce degree
DERDRYN, STUART - living in 70s pad; working for Mac/fo? The Province
DIZIEL, MIKE - chasing chicks in Victoria
DICKSON, CATHERINE - YEOBI
DOHERTY, DEAN - takes vacations during Disorder week-end
DUPRE, DAVID - Nashville's sexy brother
ELLIS, STEPHAN - getting the scoop
ELSIE, GREG - well, whatever he's doing, it probably doesn't include selling ads
ENGLEHART, GRANDEE - hanging out at the B-Fest

FARNI, JENNIFER - only Harry Knobs
FEARNLEY, SCOTT - inventing software; being a dad
FILBRAND, ROD - moved up to the bigtime (GS); still doing that goddamn Wombat; still miffed that we printed his "personal stationery" in the magazine
FINLEY, ANGE - sneezing with young impressionistic musicians
FIRMAN, DAVID - like-guy; freelance writer
FLEMING, ANN MARIE - making movies
FORSTER, KEN - having cheery art work centered in various bigwig publications
FROSS, ROBIN - doctor in San Francisco; Lo? A7
FRUIN, STACEY - downtown secretary, short hair, Rheocant's fan
FRYRE, JOHN - sneezing
FUNK, PAUL - EID (see BRAYSHAW, CHRIS)
FUNK, VIOLA - keeping a low profile after that Superconductor/polya scandal
GARLUCK, GREG - reading dirty comic books
DERRETHER, GENE - working in the printing trade
GEORGE, MARTY - whereabouts unknown
GOLD, STEPHEN - went away
GRANT, PLANTMASTER - botanist
GRANT, JASON - disillusioned with music; he's gone tripping
GRANT, NOAH - beatniking like you wouldn't believe
GRIFF, MICHAEL - studying in UK on huge lacking scholarship
GRIMSLAW, MIKE - see Georgia Strait
HADLEY, ESTHER - moved to Yukon/Alaska to wait tables
HANNI, K. - doing grand studies back east; back to natural hair color
HARDING, BRIAN - UVC BBQ
HARDING, MIKE - missing the turntables at Odyssey
HARKEMA, ED - dal's on Crimtoppers
HARRIS, MARSHA - still getting hate mail from Tom Anselmi
HARRY, GARNET - got custody job at CBC; has a mortgage
HART, DAVID - working at Commercial Electronics
HAWKES, DAVID - moved to Soap 80
HUGHART, ROXANNE - still learning how to sing
HELGEN, CHRIS - photographer; moved to UK
HEMPELL, ANTHONY - bassist, Ulysseye
HERGERT, RUSS - Phenomenon I
HERTSCHKE, HARRY - landed custody year-round job with Fringe Festival
HILL, KIRBY - one way ticket to the sun
HOLM, BRIAN - too busy with school work; reads poetry
HOWATSON, ROB - makes cool vid-oes
HUGH, PIERRE - stoned, man
HUNTER, IAN - starting next "big thing"
HAYASHI, KATHRYN - has nice

clothes; has real job
IWATA, RANDY - boss, Mini Records
IWATA, ROBYNN - CTR MD; Squirrel bait
JACKLYN, DAVE - still wearing kilts without underwear
JACKSON, KEN - working at a BC liquor store
JAM, BIZ - learning dope moves
JANTZEN, LOUIS - urinating in someone's hair
JANUS, STEVE - must be working in radio somewhere
JEW, ANNE - got custody film assignment from NFB
JOHAL, JESS - moved to UK
JOHAL, MIKE - listening to his CTR-supplied record collection; likes Disorder
JUNIPER, VALERIE - Vancouver's Legendary Doudan Superstar; hanging on the tubs for the Speed Queens
KANE, BRENT - Folkfest Records
KEARNEY, JEFF - moved to Toronto
KERR, KANDACE - teaching up north
KIRBY, SANDY - working at Pacific Cinematheque; Lang gifted
KING, GERRY - Texas Ranger/Vietnam Vet counselor
KLASSEN, MIKE - writing grammatically correct letters to various publications without getting paid for them in a bid to take over for sorely missed designated letter to the editor writer, Alan Ham
KORINTH, KAI - still shooting
KOVACS, CHRISTOPHER - somewhere out there
KRUGER, GLENN - quit the Picasso Set
KUHL, GREGG - CTR MD
LANGILLE, DAVID - working on Christian newspaper; still on CTR
LANKESTER, PETER - custody job at Hong Kong Bank of Canada
LAURANCE, JULIAN - still published by Fantagraphics
LEAHY, PAUL - reading pulp novels, following David M around
LEHLE, DEN - cyberpunking out somewhere
LEWIS, MICHAEL - working at Zulu Records; guitarist, Speed Queens
LEE, SOOK-YUN - Supergirl, Ariane about town
LESTER, KEN - getting it together
LI, CHACK SUN - moved up to position as CTR record librarian
LIVINGSTONE, SCOTT - still playing drums, messing with Volkswagen
LONGFORD, CAROLINE - NOT managing Medusa's Raft
LONGRIDGE, DAVID - very much relieved the war is apparently over
LORENZ, ROB - Ontario Hydro market research assistant, international marketing, new business venture division
LUPINI, ANDREA - media star, Canadian Forces Network/CBC, Germany
LUTWYCHE, PETE - Perfume Tree
LYMER, BRENT - some first thing
LYSING, MIKE - got a real job (Ridge Theatre)
M. DAVID - putting together a No Fun CD-only release entitled "No Fun: Just the Funny Stuff"
MACKAY, FIONA - computer programmer; still teaching people how to pronounce her name
MAGNUSON, LOUISE - working in the food industry
MAIN, JIM - working on oil rigs up north; making less of dough
MAJOR, JACQUES - happily chugging up near UBC
MARR, LISA - who?
MASTER, KAS - rapper
MCCANDLESS, KENNY - hauffing; jetting at a gig now
MCDERMOTT, TERRY - moved to Calgary
MCDONAGH, DAVID - Polygram VP; working closely with the Secretaries
MCDONAGH, GRANT - still at Zulu
MCCANN, REDD - collaborating with

Tom Milne
MCKENZIE, JANIS - wrote punk rock novel; singer, Touch & Gos
MCLAUGHILAN, SARAH - Network charismat
MENARD, JENNIFER - UBC student; gardener
MERCER, LAURIE - still recovering from WESTZ
MILNE, TOM - standing around sucking in a beer complaining that Vancouver audiences always stand around sucking on beers
MINES, MIKE - got married; going to law school
JOHAL, KATHAN - writer, Jewish Western Bulletin; last seen leaving these offices in early AM, wearing wrinkled clothing and drinking Superfoco
MOKRANE, PATRICK - on the lam with his CTR-supplied record collection
MOM, BEPT'S - cooking, cleaning, shopping
MORAN, LEN - road manager for Burton Cummings
MULLAN, BILL - working on sequel to Terminal City Roadsheet called New Jack Terminal City; trying to get hired at Soap 80
MURRAY, LACHLAN - moved to Chicago
MURPHY, MARK - see JOHAL, MIKE/MOCHIRANI, PATRICK
NARDWAR, RUSKIN, JOHN - semi-retired; opened King Wah grocery in Victoria
NAYLOR, JOE - philosophy professor; advocate
NEAL, AUDRA - punk!
NEWMAN, MARV - remaining Anji (again)
NELSON, DAVID - moved to Montreal
NIGHTINGALE, MIMI - confusing film students across Canada
OLLEK, SHEDDO - moved to New York
ORR, TERRY - Tutor Buntux
PALEY, TOMMY - CTR Sports Director; got Keith Watson haircut
PAN, DAVID - fashionable artist
PARRY, KEITH - Scratch Records; singer, Octacore
PAVLOV, DRU - CTR Business Manager
PAX - josting; drinking med
PELKEY, DEAN - last seen selling beer
PERRY, PETER - Catalan comics
POTTER, GREG - writer, Plus/M
PRUTCH, JEFF - roadie for Trini Lopez; world tour
QUAIL, MARK - lawyer
QUINN, STEVE - hiding from Gord and Roxanne
RADUL, JUDY - last seen on the east side
RASLUSSEN, BRYCE - scrounging free food
RAZZELL, ROBIN - got married; writes for West End
READ, JEN - spending summer in Quebec
REMPEL, PAULA - found God; got married, found \$, got Soap 80
RENNIE, JILL - masseuse
RICHARDS, MATT - still gripping
RICHARDS, STEVE - loves Tom Anselmi
ROBBINS, DAN - still putting up huge Vertical after posters
ROBBINS, MICHAEL - faithful about town in Kelowna
ROBERTS, ANTHONY - The Sound of Reality
ROBERTSON, STEVE - got married, got law degree, likes cheery; still in the reds
ROBINSON, ELSPETH - married to a Poined Stick
SAMPLER, PATRIK - moved to Iceland; looking at his adventures musical with excitement
SHARA, REZA - moved to English
SAWYER, DALE - still doing demos

and science; still growing his hair
SCHENCK, JULIA - moved to Germany
SCHOLTES, LARA - got custody job as CTR station manager
SCHOLTES, PAUL - at art school in California
SCOTT, BECKY - hanging out with the Guesnotes in Montreal
SCOTT, JAY - got married; moved to Seattle
SCOTT, TUNISHA - hanging out with Poplams stars
SCUDLER, JUNE - on tour with rock band, Scudler
SEYMOUR, JANE - fashion designer
SEYMOUR, JANE - actress
SHARPES, CHRIS - still at UBC
SHARLE, KAREN - disciple of the Bugh-N-shes
SHEA, MICHAEL - Vancouver's dis-co expert; custody job at Graceland
SHEA, ROBERT - spinning discs at Graceland
SICKERT, PETER - having breakfast with a secret security guard; selling encyclopedias door to door
SIMONS, PARS - went East
SKERJ, RENATO - somewhere across the ocean
SLOAN, ADAM - owner and GM, Noi-zi Records
SLOAN, TARA - famous rapper-guy, Terror T
SMITH, JOHN - disappeared into a Stephen King novel
SMITH, KEVIN - still working on that damn thesis!
SMITH, NANCY - got married; moved to Seattle; had a baby
SNEDDEN, LYNN - still trying to look sexy
SONDHI, VIJAY - computer whiz; moved to Europe
SOX, LARRY - paying off his student loan
SOUTH, JEANNA - got married
SPEELUW, ANNETTE - last seen outside bang bar hang-out from the Yale
STORCKELSON, ERIC - getting divorced
STORCKELSON, ERIC - getting divorced
TOM-LYNN - one way ticket to Pluto
TURPIN, BRUCE - owns landscaping company
ULIANA, LLOYD - got custody job at Labatts down in Ontario
UPSTON, COLIN - getting published by Fantagraphics
VAN HERK, GERMARD - runs Og
VAN RASSEL, NORAN - driving a bus
VERCHERE, IAN - living life after Giorgio Gueorgiev
VILAS, RICHARD - working in dad's office
WADE, JAN - fashionable artist
WALKER, GAVIN - same as ever
WATSON, DAVE - burnout standup comedian; computer book writer
WELLMAN, LAUREL - went to England; came back ugly
WHYTE, WARREN - he's the boss's son
WILLIAMS, KEVIN - travelling; buffing, carrying cash around in a duffel bag
WILSON, BARB - studying theatre
WOLF, LEIGH R. - working on 3D computer magazine
WOLFE, JONATHAN - quit Picasso Set (see CARROLL, PAT & KRUGER, GLENN)
WOOD, PAUL - loves Don Chaw
XILINAS, KATHRINA - last seen walking down Robson Street
ZRNO, BRADEN - now Slayer look-alike costume

SHINDIG

You remember Shindig. Sure, it's that cool contest-thing from CITR, held every year during the fall months and into the winter. You know, a bunch of cool bands battle it out for a bunch of cool prizes. You might even remember that Shindig used to be called The Hot Air Show, and was held first out here at UBC and then at the Savoy before coming to rest at the Railway Club. But do you remember who won grand prize every year? In fact, you're more likely to remember the bands that DIDN'T. In a weird way, everyone who enters Shindig wins: the "official" WINNERS get to record their songs; the LOSERS, for some mysterious reason, seem to stick around longer on the scene and in the minds of the music-lovin' public. See how they stack up for yourself.

WINNERS

- 1983 BOLERA LAVA
CAST OF THOUSANDS
FIRST AID
- 1984 RED HERRING
RHYTHM MISSION
MY THREE SONS
- 1985 THE WINGNUTS
ZEALOTS
LITTLE RATSKULLS
- 1986 STUBBORN BLOOD
OVERSOUL SEVEN
SONS OF FREEDOM
- 1987 FOUR ONES
ONE RIDDIM
RAINWALKERS
- 1988 VIDEO BAR BQ
GRACIOUS J
STICK FIGURES
- 1989 BLACK EARTH
@#*&!
PLANET OF SPIDERS
- 1990 WINDWALKER
ZA ZA & THE ANGELS
BENT

LOSERS

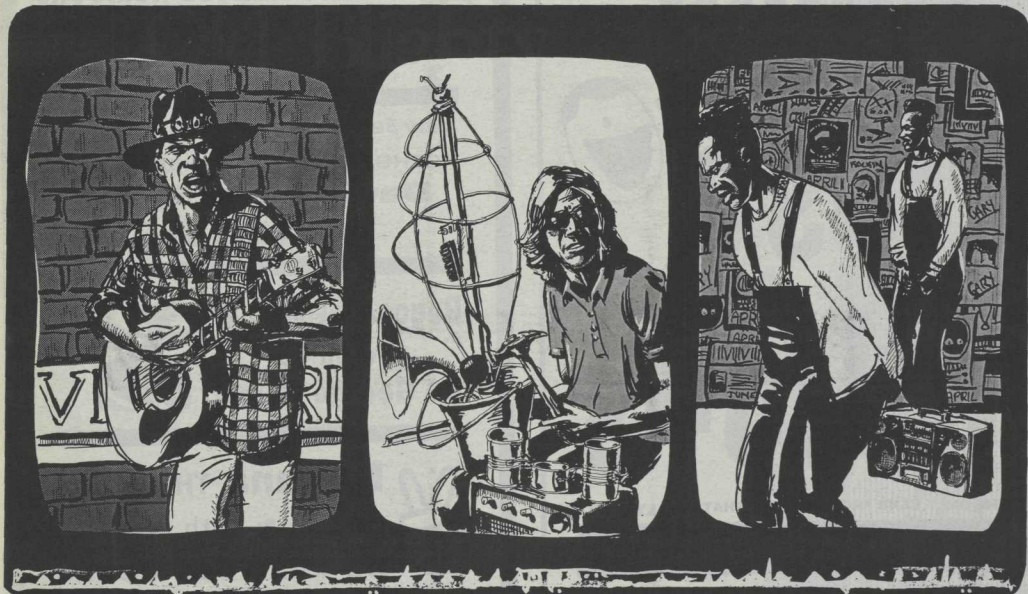
- FRENCH LETTERS
- ENIGMAS
- BOB'S YR UNCLE
- NG3
- DILLETANTES
- SLOW
- THE HATERS
- NERVE TUBES
- DEATH SENTENCE
- THE SOREHEADS
- SEXUAL INFECTIONS
- THE WARDELLS
- OMNISQUID
- FYF
- THE HIP TYPE
- BIG CAN OF DOGFOOD
- PLAYDOUGH REPUBLIC
- TIPPY-A-GO-GO
- PICASSO SET
- EXCITED FIRST DAUGHTER
- SARCASTIC MANNEQUINS
- SILENT GATHERING
- MARY
- THE METHOD
- SURF HIPPIES
- GLEE
- SUPERCONDUCTOR
- RATTLED ROOSTERS
- OCKTATRACKTER
- AND TONS OF OTHERS
- WHOM WE MISS



Shindig photos clockwise from top left: Death Sentence, Bob's Yr Uncle, Nerve Tubes, Windwalker, Video Barbeque, @h&*!, Slow, NG3.

MUSIC or BUSK

your activities? And have you ever wondered who the musicians are who play this soundtrack of your life and why they don't have lives of their own? Many's the time you've hurried past buskers, feigning oblivion to their open guitar cases, wondering these very things. Not one to wallow in ignorance, **Mindy Abramowitz** hit the streets to get some answers.



The first and foremost thing I learned was that buskers certainly do not see themselves as purveyors of incidental mood music for other peoples' lives. In fact, most of them take what they do quite seriously. The buskers I spoke to all had very specific reasons for doing what they do. Some play to make a living, some do it to help their Welfare cheques go a little further, while others only want a place to play and be heard. One young man informed me that he and his busking companions were not a band, but they had nowhere else to jam.

Whatever their reason for busking, however, most musicians invoke the mighty muse Freedom to explain the appeal of the streets. Alexander Krahe told me that he chose to play on Granville Street because there he can earn a living doing what he loves best. As a blues musician, he finds Vancouver lacking in venues. Rather than wait literally years to get a booking at the Yale, he decided to take to the street, beside the Roxy, to be exact. There, he can play the music he wants to play.

Down the street from Alexander, in front of the Orpheum, Tim Butler plays "political war songs" between swigs of Jack Daniels. He busks because it gives him a chance to work on his vocals away from the demands and hypocrisy of the music business. He is currently recording a folk album with Bill Clint, but his principle occupation appears to be busking, which is what he has been doing on a part-time basis in Vancouver for a year. Tim and Alexander used to play in a band together, but they gave it up for busking separately.

Bands like the Rattled Roosters and Sister Lovers, who put in

regular appearances downtown as well as at Granville Island, enjoy the immediate gratification of audience participation. The dynamics of "the street-style stadium," as a member of Sister Lovers terms it, favour a more interactive, energetic brand of musical performance than can be successfully presented from a stage in a bar. Sister Lovers like to engage their audiences in such games as Stump the Busker, where spectators name obscure songs in hopes of catching the performers out on ones they don't know. The Rattled Roosters leap on and off trees and benches—in addition to their own instruments—in their acrobatic outdoor shows. On the streets, these bands feel free to experiment with the space and the relationship between themselves and their audiences in ways that would most likely fail in a more formal environment.

If you're asking yourself why more musicians don't busk if it's so free and accessible, allow me to shed some light on the downside of this phenomenon. Of course, one must be prepared to endure rain, snow, sub-zero temperatures and any other climatic inconveniences Vancouver is prone to, but worse than that, a busker also needs to be hardy enough to weather physical danger and the inevitable "Stairway to Heaven" requests. Stock hassles that face buskers include penny-peltings from dissatisfied spectators, puking patrons, and, in some cases, police intervention. Buskers who choose to perform at Granville Island and in Skytrain and Seabus stations encounter a variety of problems and restrictions.

At Granville Island, musicians must observe the 30-minute time limit at each busking location. Thus, in order to continue playing, they must either pack up and move to another spot at the end

of each set, or else wait in line for another turn at the same place. At the end of every thirty minute stint, performers lose their patrons and have to start fresh.

B.C. Transit's approach to busking precludes any notion of democracy. Buskers must first audition for a licence to play and, once chosen, must follow a timetable and play only when and where scheduled. Groups are restricted to a maximum of two people and, according to regulations, they may use little or no amplification lest they drown out the emergency speakers in the stations. While, according to B.C. Transit's spokesperson in Corporate Communications, musicians citywide covet their exclusive busking licences, they grant only a scant 12 to 15 per year.

Even downtown, most of the prime busking locations have been claimed. Tim Butler, who many acknowledge as occupying the best spot on Granville Street, claims that his place was left to him by its previous occupant, a sax player who quit busking to drive a cab. Naturally, newcomers jockey for turf, but Tim and others assured me that all buskers observe a tacit code of ethics based on mutual respect. You don't crowd other buskers and you don't steal their audiences. A very mild but nonetheless compelling sense of community guides them.

While busking lacks the blatant defiance and debatable glamour of say, Subpop, or some other emblem of subversion, in its own unobtrusive way it represents, for a rugged few, a more palatable alternative to the music industry. One busker even admitted to not knowing any Led Zeppelin except for a few bars of "Stairway to Heaven"—the rest he fakes.

BMG / FRONTIER
RECORDING ARTISTS

Young Fresh Fellows



THE ONLY BAND FROM SEATTLE THAT REALLY MATTERS.

* scott * tad * jim * kurt *

**WITH VERY, VERY
SPECIAL GUESTS
TO BE ANNOUNCED.**

SAT. MAY 18

The Fabulous
COMMODORE
870 Granville Mall

TLX: SCRATCH, TRACK, ZULU AND TICKETMASTER.

GRACELAND CALENDAR



**IGNORE THOSE RUMOURS
WE ARE OPEN!**

New Season

MOTHBALLS



New Motion

MARMALADE

David Allen Spins

TUESDAYS 9pm

Reggae WEDNESDAYS

✪ with ✪

DJ George Barrett



Nirvana THURSDAYS

✪ with ✪

DJ Mixtress Venus

**FRIDAYS ✪ The Smooth Groove
Wants You**

with **DJ Mick Shea** ★ Funk, Rock, Hip Hop

♥ no cover before 11pm ♥

**SATURDAYS ✪ Monster Beat
with**

DJ Mixtress Venus

* doors open at 9pm *

GRACELAND

1250 Richards St, Alley Entrance, Vancouver 688-2648

MAY 1991 13

GAV BROWN IS
THE KING OF CLUBS

The only cool way to drink is alone, curled up naked on the floor of a closet swimming in your own body juices, contemplating suicide. At least that's more interesting than sitting on an ass-bending velvet stool, staring at the ceiling and being rubbed on by a skinny stereo salesperson. Fuck niceties like glasses, paper umbrellas, olives on swords, celery and salt on the rim; instead, huff some glue in a parking lot, slam down some cheap wine, yell at old ladies and puke on the slurpee machine at 7-11.

CLUB SODA

CLUB SODA
Right on: Aerosmith hang out here. Central headquarters of Vancouver's leopard-print-spandex-moussed-hair-farmer-scene. People drive in from the suburbs to partake in an atmosphere that rates about zero unless you thought the last David Lee Roth album was good. They're Metal Monday tends to highlight bands that should've stayed in the garage and their newly-revived Alternative Tuesday has yet to feature anyone but the same 10 bands who incessantly play those Commodore alternative showcases.

COMMODORE BALLROOM

You know, I graduated in this hall. Me and my date were kicked out of our seats 'cause cool kids wanted to sit with their friends, so I chowed down on some Swedish meatballs, made my date cry and hung out with the heavy metal losers at the back of the room. Later that night, I got ripped on Scotch and gingeralene and a grade 11 tried to beat me up at the Stardust Roller Rink. I hate the Commodore.

THE CRUEL ELEPHANT

THE CRUEL ELEPHANT
Successor to the Arts Club throne. Vancouver's only cool live venue, this bar has been bringing tons of good bands to town while still charging reasonable door prices. This is one happening place: small, friendly and fun. Plus you can slam and stage-dive—perhaps "stagehop" is a better term here—all you want without some moronic thug roughing you up. The only words of caution: avoid the Mystery Meal at all costs.

ECLIPSE

ECLIPSE Non-stop after hours club populated by the black and the dead, on anything that keeps them awake. An industrial dance soundtrack sets the stage for rich, middle-aged homosexuals to shove poppers under your nose and offer you money to kiss what you'd rather not.

GRACELAND

I am an alternative student/artist/secretary/executive, I wear black/silver/leather/nothing, my drug of choice is ecstasy/acid/booze, and I listen to acid house/funk/techno/housedisco. I am everything; you are nothing. Pick your adjectives and label yourself. Have you ever noticed how people can seem so disposable?

LUV-A-FAIR

To hang out here, you have to be really cool which means wearing black, tight stuff, drinking vodka, listening to wimpy techno-dance music and either hugging everyone you meet or acting really aloof. Punk rock. The "Alternative" Roxy. Remember those girls at high school dances who had Smiths/Cure pictures in their lockers, who dressed in Le Chateau Black and stood around in corners complaining about the music, talking about shoplifting, and telling everyone how drunk they were? They're here.

MY DAD'S ASS

In the tradition of Vancouver's great underground warehouse club of the early-to-mid 80s, My Dad's Ass has been terrorizing the local music scene for the past six months. Mainly featuring local talent and averaging a show every two months, My Dad's Ass has nonetheless also put on some great shows featuring out of town bands. The Greek death metal band Morbid Obesity played there a while back and German act Schöllen is headlining next month. Keep your eyes peeled for the flyers around town to find out where the next show is. Rad, dude.

PIT PUB

Girls wearing big pants/wide black belts/mini skirts/Birkenstocks/Fluevogs techno dirty dance with guys wearing worn-out 501s/cowboy boots/collared shirts/frat tat on their ass. Pretty bad scene going on in here, but if you think university is about getting drunk, knowing all the words to INXS songs, and going all the way, you won't be disappointed.

THE RAILWAY CLUB

Listen up, tough guy: just 'cause you have a ten foot high truck with JetSki stickers on it, don't mean you can get into this members-only club, even if everybody else does—there's a real mixed-bag clientele in here! Shitty music; good atmosphere. If I was to start drinking seriously, this is where I'd go.

CRUEL ELEPHANT: LEONARD WHISTLER

THE ROSE AND THORN
Pseudo- quaintness in a pseudo-English atmosphere (now that's a treat) packed with pseudo-people taking a break from the hectic partying at their usual bar. An eclectic mix of people who think they're cool mingling with those who know they're cool.

THE ROXY

Alright, now this is a bar! Filled to the rim with ex-air cadets and girls who love horses all partying the night away, playing air piano to the hits from the last 40 years. Cover bands, cute bouncers, skinny leather ties, cowboy boots, beer for the men and Long Islands for the ladies—let the party begin. Let's cut loose; I'm going to Mazatlan for two weeks this year!

THE TOWN PUMP

Unfortunately, this is Vancouver's only medium-sized live venue. It tends to smell like unreal cakes, features high door prices, attitude-mongering door staff and a crappy stage. But, in it's favour, they do get good bands every once in a while, and also have pinball machines. The first thing you notice after attending a few shows at the Pump is the soundboard apparently possesses only three tapes which means you have to listen to the same Bad Brains/Faith No More/Chris Carrabba between every set. Lame, but till TAD agrees to play in my basement, you have no choice.



CRUEL ELEPHANT: LEONARD WHISTLER



TOWN PUMP; LEONARD WHISTLER

And Lest We Forget..

THE EDGE

The Edge is an afterhours club (11 p.m. to 5 a.m. Fridays and Saturdays. Recently they have been videotaping punk concerts early Friday evenings.) The clientele is mainly new wave fashion-people-who-dress-in-black... Besides the usual soft drinks, the snack bar sells Winstons (yea)



and poppers (boo). Poppers are little legal bottles of a liquid a lot like paint thinner. Poppers are the moral equivalent of sniffing glue. The people who frequent The Edge think they are decadent. The washrooms at the Edge are open to either sex... The music is mostly electronic disco with a hard edge. No pun intended...

HEAVEN

Heaven is also an after hours club, open 9 pm to 5 am Friday and Saturdays... The dancefloor features a smoke machine, four racks of lights, eight neon lighting bolts and a UFO, a very rotatable circular ring of lights... The music is progressive/disco/top 40... After 4 am the beat and the volume drop and people begin leaving like they just remembered that they left the tub running...

SHAKERS

Shakers is filled with a 12 to 18 crowd that all dream of their 19th birthday, so they can all go to Richards on Richards... Most of the boys are preppies or new romantics in white sweaters. Many of the girls wear dresses, heels and coiffed hair... The

dance floor is usually fully occupied... Going into Shakers is like entering a parallel universe which never had a Joey Ramone. (Dave Watson, 1985)

THE SAVOY

The Savoy nightclub is housed in one of the few remaining structures erected before the city of Vancouver was one year old. In 1886 John Boulbee's law office was located at the southeast corner of Carrall and Powell Streets, which today looks out over the cobblestone street which passes through Maple Tree Square. Mr. Boulbee was the first magistrate of the City of Vancouver and was appointed at the first meeting of City Council on the tenth day of

May, 1886...

Although the history of the Savoy is rather difficult to trace (owing to changing street names and addresses), it is certain that the neighbourhood was certainly a thriving and active area... Finally in 1973, the Savoy Cabaret arose, showcasing rock and jazz music.

Happily, this fine old building at 6 Powell is still kept out of



danger, having been designated a heritage site. However, John Boulbee's office is the only one which is protected from bulldozers. In 1979 the Friends of the York Theatre had to fight for

its life and it very nearly was demolished, along with the spirit of Rose Campbell. The Smilin' Buddha faces the same danger as so many of the other wonderful venues and theatres which once dotted Vancouver's downtown area near Hastings and Main... The Railway Club and the Commodore Ballroom are also on the City Council's insidious "hit list." This means that tentative development permit applications have been filed with the City Council on both these buildings, which will subsequently reduce the lot and make way for the increasingly popular Bauhausian skyscraper. It is up to the City Planning Department to save these and other buildings (such as the Tudor Manor on Pacific Avenue) which ought to be designated heritage sites.

Ironically, 1986 is Vancouver's 100th birthday, and yet, so many of Vancouver's finest examples of architecture are quickly becoming demolished to make way for the anniversary. The Orillia, once the famed Tamale Parlour and home to Vancouver's first gay club, met a sad demise last April when a Hong Kong financier ordered the place razed. Our favourite nightspots must be preserved, if not for their architectural virtues, at least for their sociological values. The next time you walk into your fave club to see your fave band, whether that place might be the Commodore, The Railway Club, The New York Theatre, The Savoy or the Smilin' Buddha, think of all the different people that have passed through their

doors over the last century. Think about how much history is packed between the walls and consider what Vancouver entertainment once represented... (Elspeth Robinson, 1985)

NO MINORS BEYOND THIS POINT MUST SHOW VALID ID

GAV'S GUIDE TO GETTING IN UNDERAGE

Dear Airhead,

As a minor (being under the age of nineteen), I've missed out on viewing groups that you consider worthy of at least being printed somewhere within the realms of your magazine. These bands usually hold their gigs at such venues as 86 Street Music Hall, Graceland, The Arts Club, The Commodore or other pubs similar to the ones I have mentioned. I'm kind of pissed off that these great bands hold their gigs at places that you have to be "of legal age" to get into. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure these are cool places, but I (for anyone I know) can't get into them.

I would have liked to have seen such cool bands as the Pogues, Love and Rockets, Pseudo Echo, Front 242, Sincad O'Connor, The Grapes of Wrath, The Beat Farmers, Guadalupe, DOA, Bolero Lava, and as you should very well know, the list goes on and on...

All I would like is to see these bands instead of being turfed out by unfriendly bouncers...

Please make sure I am known as:

X

Old enough to care but not old enough to get in.

Burnaby

Dear Airhead,

I hope that the owners/managers of such clubs as 86 Street Music Hall read this, because this letter goes out to you. You inconsiderate tightass dumbfucks. I am sick and tired of seeing an awesome group coming to town (no, that does not include Bon Jovi) and to find out that they're playing at some "No Minors" club like yours, you motherfucker. I am making such a big shit because I am fifteen with a face that makes me look thirteen. It's great for getting into movies, but I have no chance of sneaking into a club to see a group such as the Dead Milkmen...

JC

Dear Airhead

While sojourning in a parked car, in the park on a Monday night... we decided to drop you a line, because something must be done!

Let us elaborate. We first appear to be 16/17 yrs and also live in the hills from town. We don't appreciate the fact that every hardcore band plays these particular places where people of our age are NOT ALLOWED! Where the hell do these bands expect us to mosh? At the local Jehovah HALL? We have just been refused at Club Soda, where we went to mosh to Death Sentence. I must say we are rather perturbed. So since we are young and naive... shall we go and discover god for something to do? Maybe disco?

Thank for listening to our childish ravings.

Willow and Kelly

FIRST UP. BOUNCERS AREN'T HIRED BECAUSE THEY ARE BRAIN SURGEONS. RATHER, THEY ARE HIRED ON THE BASIS THAT THEY'RE THE BIGGEST THING IN THE FOOD CHAIN THAT CAN WALK AND TALK. NOW REMEMBER, THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY ARE ALL STUPID, BUT THE MAJORITY ARE. WITH THIS IN MIND, THE FIRST THING TO GET IS ID. DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON IDENTIFICATION CARDS. THE ONLY GOOD ONES ARE FOUND IN SEATTLE ON 1ST AVENUE. TRY TO GET THE REAL MCCOY. APPLY FOR A DRIVER'S LICENCE/B.C. IDENTIFICATION CARD USING YOUR BROTHER/SISTER/FRIEND'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE. BARRING A FRIENDLY OF-AGE DONOR. MAKE YOUR OWN. IT'S NOT THAT HARD REALLY. VISIT A STATIONARY STORE. GET A X-ACTO. SOME LITHOSETS AND LAMINATION PLASTIC. AND USE YOUR IMAGINATION. DO YOU THINK BRUTUS HAS EVER SEEN A KENTUCKY STATE RESIDENT'S CARD? ANOTHER TECHNIQUE IS TO TRY TO BORROW ID OFF PEOPLE GOING INTO YOUR INTENDED DESTINATION. MOST COOL PEOPLE WILL LEND YOU A DRIVER'S LICENCE FOR 5 MINUTES. IF YOU LOOK LIKE THEM. OK, SO IF YOU STILL AREN'T PAST THE DOOR GUYS. OTHER TECHNIQUES INCLUDE SNEAKING IN DURING THE DAY AND HOPING IN THE CAN FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS, OR BEGGING THE BAND TO LET YOU IN WHEN THEY'RE LOADING THROUGH THE BACK DOOR. HELL. SOMETIMES YOU CAN JUST WALK IN THE BACK DOOR AND, IF NOBODY SPOTS YOU, YOU'RE HOME FREE. LAST BUT NOT LEAST, ONCE INSIDE, DON'T ORDER BOOZE FROM SERVERS OR BARTENDERS. GET FRIENDS TO BUY DRINKS FOR YOU. 'CAUSE THOSE OTHERS CAN AND WILL ID YOU LIKE THE DOOR GUYS. AND IF THEY DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY SEE, YOU'RE BUSTED. DUDE.

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BEWARE OF BAD IMITATIONS

BUTTHOLE SURFERS: THAT WAS THEN,

by Angie Finley, Travis Bickle, Jay Scott and Noddy

"It was just a wild show, but it didn't really get wild until the show was over. You have a band with three sort of hippies and three bright but psychotic people—the three front people. Gibby, Paul and Pinkus. And after the show, Gibby had cut his arm and we'd taken him to the hospital. Meanwhile, Paul, the guitar player, was really mad at Pinkus, the bass player, for some reason or other. We had to restrain him, actually pin him to the ground on four separate occasions, just to calm him down. He threw a bottle of beer at us. We had to duck and it smashed against the wall behind our heads. He smashed every glass in the place. At one point, he sprayed Pinkus with lighter fluid and tried to set him on fire. That was a little harsh. You don't usually run into that sort of attitude."

So you say to yourself, the Butthole Surfers, big fucking deal, just what are they? Rumours always precede historical events, that's a fact, and the rumours say that the Buttholes are living in a van with a dog, accountant types on acid, militant homosexuals, devil worshippers in white tube socks. None of this is true. This band is CLEAN, upstanding and responsible. These people are from the heartland of the USA and they grew up on TV and evangelism, corn flakes and a morality that reflects all that is right and good in America.

DISCORDER: Hi, how's it going?
JEFF PINKUS: All right. You caught me right after a bong hit; I was just having a coffee break. I didn't realize I had another interview. Lucky I didn't leave. Where are you out of?

Vancouver, B.C.
Oh, OK, I think we're coming there. Actually, I think it's the only place in Canada we are going to...

What kind of special plans do you have for this tour?
A couple of elephants and two black guys with, like, these cowboy hats. Not really anything I

should tell you about. You wouldn't want to write about it because then if we got there and everyone knows, it's always a drag when we get to town and everyone's talking about the fire cymbal and all that.

"Well, it was sort of like INNA-GADDA-DA-VIDA, only longer, stranger, and more dangerous, with more feedback and brighter strobe lights, with valuable input from Jacques Cousteau, the Ohio State Patrol and various dead people, with more brutal human nakedness than a responsible society needs, and Gibby kept lighting his hand on fire, and the audience didn't know whether they should slam dance or pray, and a lot of punks didn't like it (neither did I, om, Selleck, who was there)—and then Gibby lit a cymbal on fire, and cut his hand on it, and suddenly it was all over sooner than anyone realized," remembers Noddy.

Any reason your new album's called PLOUGHED?
No. It's not really called PLOUGHED. I think Rough Trade made that up. No, it's actually a rough one to pronounce; it's like libliblib click click click libliblib click. But you see, it was rough to come up for a spelling

for it. I think there might be a guy who's an Indian over at Rough Trade and he saw that and related it to his language... We wanted to name something for a long time and since I named my dog Lincoln—well, we could have called the album Lincoln but I don't think it would have been as good.

Is there any reason this album sounds more mainstream than past efforts?
There's not really more reason at all, it's just more or less the way it turned out. That was home recording and we were playing with all of our toys... We did that album about a year and a half ago and we already had a whole bunch of other songs that we still hadn't recorded that will come out on our next album which we've already got enough material for. But that stuff, a lot of it, we just kinda did in the studio while we were hanging out and blew off the songs we knew just 'cause they were entertainment at the time.

Are you aiming for mainstream acceptance?
I think if we do get that with this album, then people are gonna hate us when the next album comes out because the material is nothin' like that... I don't think

"No, I'm Iron Man" is very commercial, but there are a couple that definitely I can see getting it. But we're kind of proud that people would consider it sounds good enough to be commercial even though we recorded it at home.

Some of your fans are "distressed" that you're going commercial.
That's great. Commercial people make lots of money, don't they? I wanna make money and then you can call me commercial. And I don't mind a bit... People said the same thing about the commercial thing when Rembrandt Pussyhorse came out, then we put out Locust Abortionist Technician after that and people were saying they liked that a lot more and then we put out Hairway and then people went back to the commercial thing again. I guess this is like two [albums] people have told us are commercial, that's two in a row, so I guess people must be getting worried about the Butthole Surfers.

Noisemongering is born and the Buttholes are the foundation of a new movement in music that reflects all the traditional ways to sell records. No halcaruts, no fashion, no image, mysterious enigmas

who exist only in the minds of hysterical devotees. Small record pressings, not major label deals or promo hype here, just rock and roll noise, distorted vocals and wild guitars punctuated by the scream or plea.

Is your music a statement?
I don't know. I don't really write the lyrics. Gibby writes the lyrics and I write music. Music doesn't really have a philosophy. Like Gibby says, I might be thinking about things blowing up and he's thinking of flowers and we hear the same melody.

What are you trying to do with your music?
Well, I wanna buy a ranch and have a studio and have a \$10,000 pool table and have at least four hot rods and three muscle cars and I'll take one economy car, as long as it's not, like, a BMW or something, and that's more or less what we're trying to do.

Tell me about your band, the Jack Officers.
The J.O.s are still going. That just came out about a month ago, I guess, but that's stuff that we had worked on for about two and a half years.

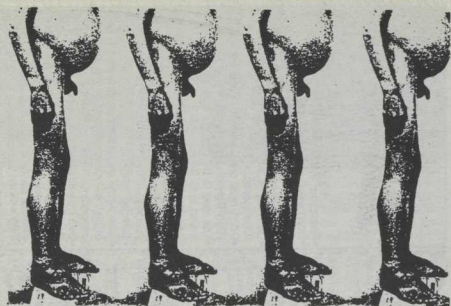
Why did you decide to do it?
It was just something we ended

up doing. We kinda got a kick out of the songs we were coming up with and we had the equipment and it was just a lot of fun to do. It wasn't something we did in a week or two weeks. We wrote songs and kept throwing them out with the intentions of making a J.O. record eventually. Some people call it House; other people call it other things... It just doesn't sound anything like the B.H.s. We didn't even want to mention the BH but it was the only way Rough Trade could sell it.

So are you going to tour?
No. Actually, I played my last show as the J.O. the other week, but Gibby might take it on the road.

By himself?
Well, not by himself, but probably with our dancer, Kathleen. Maybe with Al Jorgensen. Who knows?

For those brave enough to try, few will succeed, as the Buttholes and the whole noisemongering movement forces you to think. This is not nice music that floats over your head... It hits you right in the glands when you least expect it. Good luck, you'll need all you can get.



THIS IS NOW

What's up your butt? Tell DiSCORDER (Room 233, 6138 S.U.B. Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1) and win yourself a copy of "Piouhgd". Buttons too!

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the inner hinge and some text from the reverse side, which is partially visible. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.



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VANCOUVER: WHO I HATE

by Jerome Broadway

A woman I know once told a friend of mine that I was a "misogynist." My friend, like any true ally, replied: "He's not a misogynist, he's a misanthrope." With that in mind, here's who I hate in Vancouver.

J.B. SHAYNE AND

JOHN TANNER

Call it unrequited love, but these guys used to be heroes of mine when they were on Cable Ten's NIGHT DREAMS. It was a great video show—before there were video shows—around '79 to '81. Now as DIs on Soap 800, they sound like they wouldn't be out of place on QM FM. Maybe it's the effect of commercial radio on intelligent minds, but these guys have definitely lost their edge.

PAULA SPURR

Formerly CTR's "Paula the Radio Sex Goddess," she wasn't the best female voice to grace the mighty B's airwaves but was certainly up near the top. Now, to hear her on Soap 800, she sounds like someone's about to ask her: "Paula, how's the traffic out there?" To quote a friend, "She's lost her sex."

KIM CLARK CHAMPNESS

Ignoring the fact that Much Mucous has the largest collection of the least talented people in the country, this former Vancouver is heir to Robin Leach: loud, obnoxious, and equipped with an exaggerated British accent. If Shayne and Tanner have lost their edge, Champness should just get LOST.

THE GRIFFITHS

Owners of the Vancouver Canucks and Western Broadcasting (whose holdings include CKNW, CFMI and BCTV), they are the kind of rich fat cats that plays used to be written about in Maori China. They have been ripping off the hockey fans in this city for years by charging exorbitant ticket prices while presenting an inferior product. What kind of cheap skate operation takes rows of seats that have always been in the medium-priced blues, paints them red and cranks up the ticket price ten bucks apiece. Will they

ever spend any of this profit on the free-agent market or on scouting? Not. Should they be tried before a People's Tribunal? Yes!

BERNIE PASCALL

Toupee Head of the Sports Department at BCTV, I defy anyone to find a blander human being on the face of the earth. Why Bernie isn't covering gardening instead of sports is something for Unsolved Mysteries.

TOM LARSCHIED

Colour commentator for 'NW and BCTV Canucks' games. Tom combines the two worst possible aspects of sports broadcasting: he talks too much and knows nothing about the topic. Every time he opens his mouth, hackneyed mispronunciations pour out. Of course, knowing absolutely nothing about hockey hasn't stopped the King of Cliches from being an apologist for every mediocre player and jump move the Canucks heads make.

TERRY DAVID MULLIGAN

Need I say more?

STU JEFFRIES

T.D. Mulligan Jr. Nothing good or rockin' about this guy. My choice for person I'd most like to see become a Nancy Reagan's worst-nightmare-drug addict. But would he even turn off that piano key smile?

MR. SMITH

A weird former landlord who gave me an eviction notice five days into my tenancy. Afterwards, he insisted I wasn't even a tenant, just a visitor. And of course, like most landlords, Smith played the old stiff-en-on-the-damage-deposit game when I moved out.

RASPUTIN

Not the counsellor to Tsar Nicholas's wife, but the former

manager of the band featured in January's Disorder. An evil opportunist hiding in socialist clothing.

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ANYONE WORKING FOR C-FOSSIL

The radio equivalent of working for Unitow.

ANYONE WHO LISTENS TO KISS FM

Radio for people on the critical list in the intensive care unit at VGH.

PETER TOIGO

Owner of the White Spot restaurants and a bidder on the Expo land sale. Toigo's to be hated not for being a buddy of deposed Premier FantasyZalm, but for ruining a good restaurant in my childhood. When the employees went on strike for fair pay, Mr. Toigo bulldozed the struck restaurants and sold the property. The giant White Spot at 68th and Granville, which mysteriously burned to the ground, has been replaced by a plastic mall. Thanks for destroying the memories, Peter.

DENNY BOYD

Vancouver Sun columnist. There is nothing worse than a self-righteous reformed boozier. I thought it was funny when tired old Denny wrote columns about what low-lives people who drank, and then promptly went out and got himself an impaired charge. When he isn't preaching, he's writing nortopic nap. His impassioned pleas in his columns for Eleni and Nelson Skabania to get back together were an all-time low point in Vancouver jour-

nalism. An average UBC English major would be a vast improvement.

JIM SANDLAK

Vancouver Canucks forward. Sandbak, as some people call him, is big, strong, and useless. This former first round draft pick makes more per year than you do to enter, but plays about as hard as you do with your cat. If professional sports is a cruel business, all the more reason to give Sandbak the axe.

MY NEIGHBORS ABOVE ME

When they're not thumping around, they're thumping their kids.

TWO LADIES FROM TELEFILM CANADA

These two ladies, who are responsible for deciding what local films get Telefilm funding, told associates of mine that their script lacked "tone." Since their script was about neither house paint nor tuning forks, what the hell does this mean? I suggest dates with Tom Larschied for both of them.

SHADOW STEVENS

Soap 800 DJ. See Kim Clark Champness comment.

SANDY COX

This gentleman is the developer who has tentatively purchased Vancouver's best movie house, The Stanley. Mr. Cox's plans, typical of the insensitive and greedy developers that infest this city, is to turn the Stanley in to a retail complex for the elite. Didn't the masses used to rise up against the landlords? Not a bad idea, is it?

UTV

Formerly CKVU TV, this station has gone from entertaining—it used to show soft porn late at night—to shamelessly pandering to airhead yuppies. Every time I hear their UTV

slogan, I say FUTV.

MAYOR GORDON CAMPBELL

A former manager of giant Marathon. Really, I sure hope his developer buddies are giving him plenty of kickbacks, otherwise there's absolutely no excuse for "this city" to have so many victims of the wreckers' ball. I bet he likes UTV.

THE NPC, COPE, AND CIVIC NDP

Success in politics should not be dictated by party affiliation. If someone wants to run on a wheelbarrow and stand for Parks Board, this person shouldn't have to spend several grand and belong to a party to win. Thanks to each of the aforementioned for making city politics a members-only club.

BDH EXECUTIVE HOMES

That this city is being overrun by money-hungry developers is a given, but why single out one? Why not? These guys have changed my old neighborhood from a good place for a budding misanthrope to grow up in, to a nesting place for monster homes. I laugh every time one of these empty monuments to capitalist excess gets broken into by appliance-stealing thieves.

LI KAI-SHING

Billionaire owner of the Expo site. OK, so it's not his fault that Premier FantasyZalm handed him this prime piece of real estate for spare change. But don't you just get the feeling that this renowned trillion bigwig isn't going to put anything of social value on this site? Unless, of course, you've got half a mile to drop on some dimly townhouse.

ANYONE WRITING FOR THE PROVINCE

Tabloid journalism sucks, period. News for people whose lips

move when they read.

ABDUL KHALIM

A former employer and owner of the two biggest money-making hotels in the province. Hotels that introduced showers and duos to the ENLIGHTENED world of exotic dancing. Trying to get paid by Abdul was like trying to perform a root canal with a spatula.

ANYONE WHO THINKS THE EAST VAN HOUSE SQUATTERS REPRESENT THE HOMELESS

Homeless people on the downtown east side and displaced senior citizens represent the homeless situation, not some middle-class kids from the 'burbs who decided to play anarchist. Do you really think the police would've been able to do their Gestapo impression on these people if they'd maybe tried cutting the lawn, doing the gardening and painting the fence instead of building a barricade?

PAT CARNEY

Former Conservative MP now a Senator. The epitome of pork barrel politics in both shape and attitude. Her notion of serving the public includes collecting a fat wage and pension, and kicking Native Canadians off of airline flights. Didn't they burn the Senate in ancient Rome?

65% OF THE PEOPLE I WORK WITH.

85% OF THE PEOPLE I WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL WITH.

99% OF THE PEOPLE DRIVING IN THE CITY.

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ARMCHAIR EYE

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by Bill Mullan

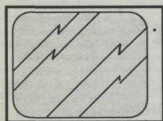


It was a time of great confusion.

Yes, that's right, and we're all in it. Pinch yourself or slam your head against the wall or better yet, just calmly open your eyes. Whatever it takes, PLEASE WAKE UP AND SMELL THE GARBAGE. Gulf War, Greenhouse Effect, First Nations Land Claims, Free Trade, Meech Lake, The Homeless, The Refugees, The Neighbours, CNN, CIA, FBI, PMRC, CSIS, The Trilateral Commission, Date Rape, Arnold Schwarzenegger, The Book Of Revelations—not to mention holes in the ozone, Vanilla Ice, drought in Ethiopia, breakdown in the Soviet Union, the War on Drugs, George Bush, Norm Schwartzkopf, the burning Amazon Rain Forests. This is just a short list, of course. You know it by heart anyway, right?

It's like a dream I had recently. I was a successful stockbroker. I had a condo on Granville Island. I had a beautiful wife I sort of loved. I think we had children but they kept to the background. Everything was going fine 'til I turned on the television. Wife and kids weren't home. I was all alone. I thought I was tuning in "thirtysomething" but something was wrong—

CUT SUDDENLY TO VIDEO IMAGERY.



A White North American Adult Male, conservatively dressed, regards us seriously. There's a noose around his neck instead of a necktie. "It can be a Giant Hallucination Machine and much more," he says frankly.

This triggers all manner of wild noise and indecipherable TV imagery. Hints of GULF WAR COVERAGE jammed together with the BRADY BUNCH, THAT'S INCREDIBLE, TRANSFORMERS and MUCH MUSIC. Then the screen goes entirely psychotic, blasts white noise and static which smashes the logic centre of your brain to oblivion. The wall is down. The rest is easy.

You come to be tuned in to a tropical island. It's a movie, black and white, not a very good print. Two young boys are alone on a hill overlooking the sea. Upper Class British snots. Yeah, you read the story in High School Senior English. But did you pay attention?

"Are there ghosts, Piggy?—or beasts."
"Of course there aren't."
"Why not?"
"Because things wouldn't make sense. Houses and streets and TV—they wouldn't work."
"But what if things don't make sense? Not here on this island. What if things are out there—watching us?"

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



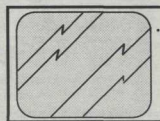
We meet a second White North American Adult Male (also conservatively dressed and wearing a noose instead of a tie). "Society has entered an age of evil," he says melodramatically. "Is your family prepared to face it?"

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



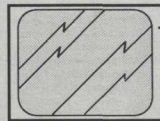
A Computer Animated Globe is moving toward us. The focus is on Canada and the United States. VOICE OVER: "The Battle for the Mind of North America will be fought in the Video Arena."

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



An Academic-type is addressing a lecture hall full of attentive students. His attitude is flippant, almost arrogant. We pick him up in mid-sentence: "Simply the idea that things have causes, that we live in an ordered world, that any event that seems to be patterned is produced by some definite cause operating for that result, and that randomness is something frightening and rare and it doesn't produce pattern anyway, and if it exists is only responsible for chaos—"

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



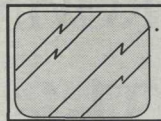
The A-Team. George Peppard and Mr. T are attacking a whole warehouse full of drug dealing bad guys in business suits. There are lots of explosions and two great car wrecks. Nobody actually gets killed though. The bad guys just get their guns shot out of their hands.

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



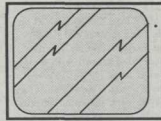
Some movie. James Woods is watching television. A serious looking guy in a tweed suit looks out at him and says, "Your reality is already half video hallucination."

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



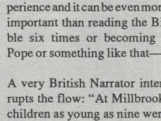
A horror film. A team of medical experts gape open-mouthed as the corpse strapped to the table in front of them springs suddenly to life. Its skin peels back and reveals a skeletal humanoid monster all red and slimy with exposed flesh and entrails. The monster busts its straps, leaps forward and rips the head off the doctor in charge. It cracks his skull open, jams its face inside and starts chomping on his brains.

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



Black and White documentary footage focuses on a young boy in a typical 1960s suburban kitchen. He looks kind of like The Beaver. He speaks nicely. "You're introduced to LSD and unless you've taken some other drug like—uhhh, marijuana or something, well, you know, it's an altogether new thing. And uh—, you actually can have a religious experience and it can be even more important than reading the Bible six times or becoming a Pope or something like that—"

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



A very British Narrator interrupts the flow: "At Millbrook, children as young as nine were given LSD."

THE CHANNEL CHANGES!



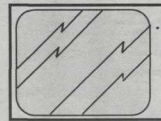
It's the first North American Male Adult again: "It can be a giant hallucination machine and much, much more," he says, repeating himself—

AND THIS TIME THE CHANNEL DOESN'T CHANGE.

No, this transition is more like an implosion—as though some magnet deep in the marrow of

the cathode ray tube has suddenly activated, and it's sucking everything together into one mind breaking melt of video hallucination. The beast is suddenly no longer a divided multi-channelled entity as it synergizes into this new atrocity. Describing it is like trying to describe BLACK (it's not a colour per se; it's the presence of all colours). Suffice it to say, the dream is now a full-blown infinity nightmare. This is sleep after all. The rules of Time and Space no longer apply. The black hole that used to be your television now consumes your entire living room. You sit on your couch and suffer forever—

UNTIL YOU WAKE UP.



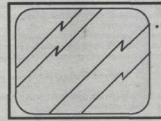
It was all just a nightmare you realize. You fell asleep on the couch while watching The Gulf War on TV. Hell, President Bush himself is speaking. It's one of those State of the Union occasions. The War is ten or so days old and the time is ripe to come clean on what exactly is going down. "This we do know," says George. "Our cause is just. Our cause is moral. Our cause is right."

And then rapturous applause explodes through the auditorium. But something is wrong. The broadcast is going wonky. George is repeating himself. "Our cause is just. Our cause is moral. Our cause is right." Over and over again—like a stuck record. It dawns on you that the nightmare isn't over after all. In fact, you're stuck in one those dream-within-a-dream scenarios. You try to change the channel, but it's the same thing on all stations. You try to turn the TV off, but no such luck. Just more George. So you unplug it, but the box keeps talking.

Panic is creeping up your spine. You pick up the TV, raise it over your head and toss it through the front window of your condo to the sidewalk two storeys below. It feels good suddenly, this act of almost sacrilegious violence. Kind of like listening to Slayer on your Walkman while walking through a churchyard. Hold on a second, SLAYER! You're a stockbroker. You have a wife and kids. You don't listen to Slayer. You don't even know what Death-Metal is.

You stick your head through the smashed front window and scream at the empty neighbourhood—"WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?" But the only response comes from the TV—smashed to pieces on the sidewalk, but it's still working. "Our cause is just. Our cause is moral. Our cause is right." But now there's something new on the soundtrack. Subtle at first, barely audible, but it's getting louder. Black laughter—sick, wracked with pain. It's pure, blood-curdling malevolence—

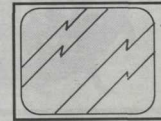
IT IS AT THIS POINT THAT YOU FINALLY DO WAKE UP!



That is, I—who am not now, nor ever have been, a stockbroker. It was all just a dream I remember. I fell asleep watching a Vincent Price Flick on the late show. I don't own a condo. Hell, I can't even afford rent. But I did do LSD when I was nine and nothing's been the same since (there's a lie if I've ever heard one).

Truth is, there is no truth anymore. Maybe there never was, but the illusion was at least occasionally convincing. The Gulf War was just a TV show—a smokescreen for the Real War which is a hell of a lot closer to home. Fact is, we're fighting it right now, aren't we? IT'S IN YOUR FACE. It's in your brain. It's deep in the marrow of your fucked up modern soul. It's inner conflict, inferiority complex, nervous tension, the habit of worry. It's your deepest, darkest, most debilitating fear. Yeah, you know what I'm talking about.

It's the second—last decade of the 21st millennium—and I don't know about you, but I'm seeing more evidence of state-sponsored, institutionalized cannibalism every day. Viva Disorder.



SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

This being Disorder's 100th issue, subtext turns its roving eye upon... Vancouver! Local artists Colin Upton and Rick Gibson to be exact. Rick, of "Sniffy" fame, supplies his answers to People Are Reading—and also gives us a history lesson. Colin, who recently hit the big time with a Fantagraphics release/deal—after years of putting out his own mini-comics—shared lunch to discuss his comic projects and interests.

Parents, however well-meaning, can often be wrong. Colin Upton's mom felt he should learn a trade... vacuum cleaner repair, perhaps? Uh, no thanks mom—at 19, he opted for the Vancouver School of Art (later known as Emily Carr) instead. At a teacher's urging, Colin took 2nd year twice, spending the time solely on drawing and anatomy classes. A cartoonist since childhood (as therapy for dyslexia, Colin was getting good!)

As part of the small press scene, Colin began to print his mini-comics in 1985, the first titles being Granville Street Gallery (portraits of assorted mall rats, punks and religious zealots) and Socialist Turtle (a very cranky Marxist-Leninist turtle and his much-nicer pals).

Many mini-comics later, Co-

lin got the urge for bigger things. Renowned local artist, Ed Varney, basically stated the obvious: Why didn't Colin put out his own regular-size comic? Would Varney bankroll the project? Yep. With the commitment of three Gs (for 3,000 copies), the two lumbered their way through **Big Thing's** release with advice from David Boswell (of Reid Fleming fame) and others. Colin Upton's **Big Thing** has sold about 1,500 copies; pretty good for an independent small press book.

The introduction to **Big Thing** is by Harvey Pekar, the American cartoonist whose autobiographical style heavily influenced Colin's work. The stories are all true slices-of-life: a New Year's concert/riot with Ogie; a spooky store clerk in "loony's"; crossing the US border and more. Funny and touching, never dull.

Colin Upton's **Other Big Thing** was recently released by Fantagraphics, of Seattle's new publisher. Based out of Seattle, Fantagraphics will be publishing Colin's stuff four times a year—great in terms of recognition/distribution in the world of words and pictures.

Unlike **Big Thing**, Colin's **Other Big Thing** has a mix of fiction along with the autobiography. "In-

capacitated," about a guy who awakes one morn to find his cat has crawled into his head, is fantasy, while "What I Know About Sikhs" is the writer's history of his neighborhood in Little India. Other tales include "I'm Not English," explaining how Upton developed a quasi-accent from years of Monty Python and pop-listening. "Pay-Phone" is about that infamous loser who calls a downtown phone and requests strange favours. "Stalingrad," a tale of demons and war, went over my head, but proves Colin is turning his attention towards historical writings.

The next **Big Thing**, entitled **Colin Upton's Other Slightly Smaller Big Thing**, should be out this month. Its regular-size comic book format will contain a complete story in one issue: the true saga of when the Hlaters performance group went to the States and were arrested for trespassing in a state park on Whidby Island.

Comix/anthologies Colin's been in:

Plasticene - By the Vancouver Comic Book Club. Socialist Turtle first published.

Street Music #6 - Story Rooftop Traffic.

DISORDER (revised Socialist Turtle), **F/X** (Seattle small press paper), **Noize** paper.

Giant sized mini-comics #4 - A Happy Ned strip.

Graphic Story Monthly #7 - Artistic License with pal Steve Geary.

All 9 issues of **New Reality** - The small press digest from members of the (now defunct) Vancouver Car-

toonists association.

Cerebus #138 - 8-page preview of **Big Thing**.

Rants, raves and reflections - Illustrations for poetry book by local David Bovvier.

With 20 mini-comic titles to choose from, these are subtext's faves:

Famous Bus Rides

True tales of public transit. Colin often takes the Fraser/Davie route.

Happy Ned

A homicidal born-again Christian who totes an Uzi, Ned and his rabbit, Spot, preach the good word.

Artistic License

From 1989, a one-shot thing with Stephen Geary's art and Colin's story-line about artistic ethics.

The Happy Hater

While subtext questions the violence portrayed, the 'toon is unique and rah-ther bizarre.

Self Indulgent Comics

Read about the Fraser Street Safety closing down, family squabbles, dodging cops and more!

Write Colin for his catalog! 6424 Chester, Vancouver, B.C., V5W 3C3. Don't delay, do it today!

Like comics? Like America? Wanna do something kinky this summer? You should check out the San Diego Comic-Con Convention this July 4th weekend. It's the biggest comic event in the States! Colin will be there too! Books, comics, arts, films... pretty cool. For info, call (619) 491-2089 or write PO Box 128458, San Diego, CA, 92112.



PEOPLE ARE READING

Ever wonder what people are reading? I do. Rick Gibson, who is very pleasant, took time to write and tell subtext.

A couple of months ago, I gave away 100 Canadian \$2 bills as part of a street event in downtown Vancouver. On each of the banknotes, the British queen's portrait had been covered with white paint. The words "GET RID OF THE QUEEN" were written over top of the point.

The purpose of this event was to draw into question the use of British royal images as official Canadian symbols.

Much of the thinking behind this event came from an article I read by S.M. Lipset entitled, "Revolution and Counterrevolution: The United States and Canada" (this article is part of an anthology of essays about Canadian society, entitled *Passion and Identity* by Mandel and Tarras). Lipset postulates that the American Revolution was a key factor in shaping the modern character of English-speaking central Canada.

At the end of the American Revolution, about 100,000 loyalist refugees left the US and fled north to Canada. Here, they re-established British institutions with British symbols. Images of British royalty were officially used to symbolically differentiate elitist and law abiding central Canadians from the populist and radical Americans.

I went to the library and flipped through a few books on the history of the United Empire Loyalists. There's no doubt about it; some of them had a terrible time before they fled the United States. They had their property seized, they were attacked by republican vigilantes and they were forced to restart a much harsher life on the central Canadian frontier.

Lipset proposes that the world's "oldest anti-American" have clung to their British symbols because of their 200-year-old fear of American republicanism. These symbols are rarely questioned, regardless of how obsolete they are, because it is believed that the only alternative is a political and cultural void which would be quickly filled by the US.

For most of the time since Confederation, English-speaking central Canada has set the agenda for this nation. It has federally reproduced its institutions and stamped them with its symbols. Its fears of American domination have resulted in national policies which encourage political, economic and cultural protectionism. Fear, rather than pride, is the driving force behind this country.

This research into the history of English-speaking central Canada made me curious about British Columbia's history. I found George Woodcock's "British Columbia: A History of the Province" a good introduction.

The history of this province is quite different from that of central Canada. To begin with, it was not settled by refugees who had lost a war. As a result, the outlook of British Columbians is more positive and self-confident than that of central Canadians. There is no grand fear of the US or republicanism. If anything, it is developing its own unique sense of nationhood.

No doubt, with time, this province could create its own images, institutions and history. It no longer needs the inappropriate British symbols imposed by central Canada. Nor does it need the meaningless name "British Columbia" that was chosen by the unimaginative Queen Victoria.

I lit another cigarette and took a look at the dental supply bill again, when there was a knock at the door. It was a brunette that could make a bishop who takes a hole through a stained glass window. She smelled the way the Taj Mahal looked by moonlight. "Saints are just people", she murmured. "At least they start out that way". I put on my hat. "Coffee?" I asked. Grabbing my tie she hissed, "espresso, you fool!"

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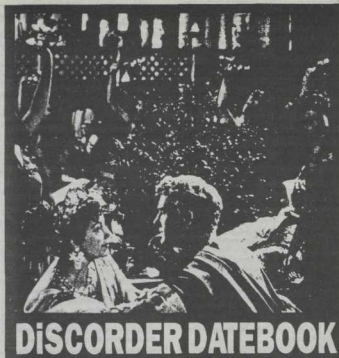
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1 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Mayworks
 May Day Cabaret with Utah Phillips and Kin LaPal plus speakers Musquam
 evening Vincent Stogan, Nancy Riche of the Canadian Labour Congress and
 Jose Canchola of the Centre of Information and Immigration Studies,
 Mexico, at the Maritime Labour Centre... Billy Cowwill at Hogan's Alley...
 Wesley Farinato at the WISE Club...
2 THURSDAY CITR Rock 'n' Roll Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Chrome

Dog with Restrictd at the Cruel Elephant... Tippia Irie with Michay Taff and
 Peter Spence at the Town Pump... Salsa Ferreras at the WISE Club... Billy
 Cowwill at Hogan's Alley... The Box at 86 Street... Chris Sigerson Trio at
 Cafe Django... Pianist Brandon Konowal with guests at the UBC Recital Hall...
 Mayworks Evening of Latin American Solidarity with video premiere of The
 Streets Belong to Us/Las Calles Son Nuestras at Pacific Cinematheque...
3 FRIDAY Skin Yard with Cat's Game and Lester's Wagon at the Cruel
 Elephant... Goo Goo Dolls with the Wongs and the Bombshells at the Town
 Pump... Boiled in Lead at the WISE Club... Dread Zeppelin with Roy Harper
 at 86 Street... Stain Valley Benefit Festival with Spirit of the West, UHF,
 Clyde Roullette, and Paul Janz at the Commodore... Mayworks Swing, Salsa
 & Social Cabaret/Dance with Sheila Gostick, Margo Kane and Rance
 Romance at the Maritime Labour Centre... Billy Cowwill at Hogan's Alley...
 Chris Sigerson Trio at Cafe Django... Hammerbox at the Backstage
 (Gothic)... Rocky Horror Picture Show (midnight) at the Lux... Christopher
 Catalano painting exhibition opens at A Walk is... until the 31st...
4 SATURDAY CITR presents Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet with
 Girl Trouble and the Sweaters at the Town Pump... Eugene Ripperand
 Dead Heat Cool at the Cruel Elephant... Loose and the Groovaholics at
 Station Street... Mayworks Peace, Land & Bread Dance with Lillian Allen
 and the Revolutionary Tea Party Band and theatre performed by the
 Vancouver Sath Collective at the Maritime Labour Centre... Billy Cowwill at
 Hogan's Alley... Traditional Irish Ballad Night with Tlachibalt, Jr La Band at
 La Osmia... Vancouver Welsh Men's Choir at the Centennial Theatre... Chris
 Sigerson Trio at Cafe Django... May Works video screening at the Video In...
 Mayworks Homemade Afternoon at the Maritime Labour Centre...
5 SUNDAY Bob Mould with Vic Chesnutt at the Town Pump... Guy
 Klucsvsek at the Glass Slipper... Chris Sigerson Trio at Cafe Django...
 Mayworks Mural Arts Symposium at the Maritime Labour Centre...
6 MONDAY Telosphere at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...
8 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Kentucky
 Headbangers at the Commodore...
9 THURSDAY CITR Rock 'n' Roll Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Soul
 Charge with Skin Barn and 12 Eyes at the Cruel Elephant... John Stowell
 Trio at Cafe Django... Amanda Hughes at Hogan's Alley...
10 FRIDAY CITR presents the Butthole Surfers with Redd Kross at 86
 Street... CITR presents Country Dick Montana's Birthday with the
 Beaters and special guests Jr Gone Wild at the Commodore... Chris
 Houston & Evil Wang at the Cruel Elephant... James Keelaghan Trio at the
 WISE Club... The Phantoms at the Town Pump... John Stowell Trio at Cafe
 Django... Amanda Hughes at Hogan's Alley... Rocky Horror Picture Show
 (midnight) at the Lux...
11 SATURDAY CITR presents Country Dick Montana's Birthday with the
 Best Farmers and special guests Jr Gone Wild at the Commodore...
 The Melvins with Sludge at the Cruel Elephant... John Stowell Trio at Cafe
 Django... Amanda Hughes at Hogan's Alley...
12 SUNDAY Poison Idea with the Melvins and Facepuller at the Town
 Pump... John Stowell Trio at Cafe Django... Storyteller Laura Simms at the
 Friderick Wood Theatre... Canada-Wide Science Fair opens at the War
 Memorial Gym (UBC)...
13 MONDAY Michael Kalanji and Jim Byrnes at Cafe Django... Paper
 Tiger Television at the Video In... Canada-Wide Science Fair continues at
 the War Memorial Gym (UBC)...
14 TUESDAY CITR presents Reggae Sunsplash '91 with Shinehead,
 Dennis Brown, Maxi Priest, Andrew Tosh, Carlene Davis, Little Lennie and
 the A Team at the Pacific Coliseum... The Benders/Hogan's Alley...
 Storyteller Laura Simms at the Robson Square Conference Centre...

Canada-Wide Science Fair continues at the War Memorial Gym (UBC)...
15 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... INRWIth
 Sun Dog Sun at the Cruel Elephant... Canada-Wide Science Fair continues
 at the War Memorial Gym (UBC)...
16 THURSDAY CITR Rock 'n' Roll Thursdays at the Pit Pub... The
 Cows with Facepuller at the Cruel Elephant... Lobo at the Town Pump...
 Fabulous Thunderbirds at 86 Street... The Benders at Hogan's Alley...
 Canada-Wide Science Fair continues at the War Memorial Gym (UBC)...
17 FRIDAY The Glits, Gas Huffer and M99 at the Cruel Elephant...
 Horafelles with Slave Handitz at the WISE Club... John Korndt's Hard
 Rubber Orchestra at the Glass Slipper... The Benders at Hogan's Alley...
 Rocky Horror Picture Show (midnight) at the Lux... Canada-Wide Science
 Fair continues at the War Memorial Gym (UBC)...
18 SATURDAY Throwing Muses, the Walkabouts and Sweaty Nipples
 at the Town Pump... The Benders at Hogan's Alley... Nitky Grity Dirt Band
 with Carlene Carter at 86 Street... Canada-Wide Science Fair continues at
 the War Memorial Gym (UBC)...
19 SUNDAY Young Fresh Fellows at the Cruel Elephant... Jesus Jones
 at the Commodore... Canada-Wide Science Fair closes at the War Memorial
 Gym (UBC)...
21 TUESDAY The Fleasheaters at the Cruel Elephant... The Benders at
 Hogan's Alley...
22 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... Riot Act
 at the Cruel Elephant... The Benders at Hogan's Alley...
23 THURSDAY CITR Rock 'n' Roll Thursdays at the Pit Pub... Jack
 Feels Fine with Loose at the Cruel Elephant... Don Thompson at Cafe
 Django... The Benders at Hogan's Alley...
24 FRIDAY Feedbacks with Flip at the Cruel Elephant... James Cotton
 and Al Walker's Rock Party at the Commodore... Don Thompson at Cafe
 Django... The Benders at Hogan's Alley... Dawn of Garagorock with The
 Mono Men, Gas Huffer and Game for Vultures at Bellingham Bay Brewing
 Company (Bellingham)... Rocky Horror Picture Show (midnight) at the Lux...
25 SATURDAY shutdowns with Section 46 and Mickey Christ at the
 Cruel Elephant... 8th Annual Harem with One Riddim, Tropical Brasse,
 Soul Survivors and Rhds at the Commodore... Don Thompson at Cafe
 Django... The Benders at Hogan's Alley... Son of Garage Rock with Young
 Fresh Fellows, Seaweed, and Marble Orchard at the Bellingham Bay
 Brewing Company (Bellingham)...
26 SUNDAY Don Thompson at Cafe Django... Revenge of Garagorock
 with Girl Trouble, The Mummies and Phantom Surfers at Bellingham Bay
 Brewing Company (Bellingham)...
27 MONDAY The Mono Men, The Mummies and Phantom Surfers at
 Harpo's Cabaret (Victoria)...
28 TUESDAY The Mono Men with The Mummies and Phantom Surfers
 at the Cruel Elephant... The Benders at Hogan's Alley... Powell Street
 Festival photographic exhibition opens at the Vancouver East Cultural
 Centre...
29 WEDNESDAY CITR Hot Wednesdays at the Pit Pub... The Exat
 Cruel Elephant... The Benders at Hogan's Alley...
30 THURSDAY CITR Rock 'n' Roll Thursdays at the Pit Pub... The
 Benders at Hogan's Alley... Vernon Theatre Company presents The Courtiers
 at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre...
31 FRIDAY NoMeansNo with The Ex at the Commodore... The Benders
 at Hogan's Alley... Rocky Horror Picture Show (midnight) at the Lux...
 Powell Street Festival photographic exhibition opens at the Vancouver East
 Cultural Centre... Christopher Catalano painting exhibition closes at A Walk
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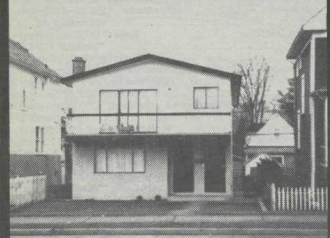


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VANCOUVERSPECIAL



BY TOM MILNE AND KEVIN MCCANDLESS

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The evening of April 6th was an eventful one for the Gest Quest Co-op and for all the folks who attended their five-band hardcore blowout in North Van.

I missed the Deprogrammers but I did catch the rest of the show. Ten Feet Tall was up second and although these guys are pretty young, their future holds great things if they can stick it out. The bass player's sound was something that really got me; it jumped out at you instead of being a plain, heavy sound. Perfectly capturing the spirit of an all-gays gig, Ten Feet Tall played a solid set of fast songs without getting boring. Spark Markers was the third band on the stage and turned out to be a bit disappointing. The name is they're like *Fugazi*: an expectation virtually impossible to live up to. Except for the last one, their songs were uninteresting but it was an off-night for guitarist Kim Kinikin, so maybe that was part of the problem. Sludge, the fourth band of the night, started their show heavy hot set with a few songs lead by their former singer. It's too bad he couldn't stay with the band because he really was excellent: a screamer but with a low voice (from the gut—pits of hell type). After this, the present-day Sludge vocalists took over. Having two singers is a cool and original idea, however, they didn't have the really interesting voices or crazy moves to take full advantage of it. After Sludge finished up, Cat's Game got ready. After a while, the curtain opened to reveal a huge backdrop painting of a gas-masked creature with the reflection of an atomic explosion in its face. That was nothing compared to the impact of the costumes the band was wearing. Their guitar, bass, drummer, singer) each had a hand-painted jumpsuit type thing and a white stocking on the head with the eyes, nose and mouth cut out. These guys are DEVO from hell. Describing their stage show is easy: excellent punk songs, great sound, awesome costumes and a frontman with wicked moves. Unfortunately, Cat's Game's set was rudely interrupted

by certain individuals who were denied entrance to the show. The hoodlums decided to take action by breaking the glass in the front door. Consequently, everyone went to the entrance to get a closer look. The lights went on, the band stopped playing, the landlord called the cops. The next thing I knew, Kinikin was on stage telling everyone that, under the advice of the cops, they should "remain in the building." The fucking losers responsible were held up at the motel a few days later at the possibility of being gun, knife, or other weapons had not been released. It was pretty exciting. When my friends and I finally left, there was no less than five cop cars parked in front of the hall or at the motel across the street. A few days later, I went down to the Vancouver Police station on Main to get the facts, but getting my hands on the report turned out to be a little much in the way of a hassle. "Do you have any media ID?" "No, Constable Jones. I don't."

I'd like to stick with Gest Quest Co-op for a bit because it deserves some special attention. If you don't know anything about it, here's a broken-down version of the pamphlet they've put out. The folks at Gest Quest are trying to get non-profit hardcore shows performed on a regular basis while keeping fan-base guidelines in mind.

1. no drugs/alcohol
2. no violence
3. no racist/sextist attitude
4. all ages

Once a show is planned, the band line-up is to be drawn at random with each band receiving equal pay. All money will be pumped back into future shows while the profits will go to the band unless it's a benefit concert. I'm happy to say that the show on the fish sold out and earned the Co-op's bank account \$1000 for the purchase of better PA equipment, etc. An excellent way for local hardcore bands to get some exposure. From an audience point of view, it'll give you a break from beer prices, no one can afford and people who don't give a shit about the band isn't watching unless it's one of their personal favorites. At this show, every band had a sincere bunch of thrashers in front of them. If you'd

like to give Gest-Quest a hand, give them a call at 525-3570. They need you and Vancouver needs this.

On the 5th, I saw Rollage for the first time, opening up for NOFX. To narrow it down, they were playing Doughboys-style friendly rock n' roll without being lame. Original songs with clean, catchy riffs there's nothing like having two guitarists sounding really connected while putting out heavy, warm chords.

Elvis Lovechild could certainly learn something from Rollage. I caught most of the Elvis set at the Hog show on April 8th when I should have been watching Canucks' overtime. At first I definitely heard something that attracted my attention, but when I got closer to the Lovechild, I found a band with their amps at the wrong settings. These guys were going for an abrasive sound when they shouldn't have been. The props and the film they had were cool, but their sloppy sound bit the big one.

The Hog brothers were up next, but too late I realized that "I've just plain seen them too many times." Baby Hog kicked ass as usual by smashing a glass right off the bat, rolling around on it and then scraping a piece of it over his belly. His arm was bleeding, his hit was bleeding—shit, man, that's good entertainment! Terry was really pounding that night too, but the problem is, they need to throw more new songs into the lineup. They had a new thing called "the Intro" to start the set, which was definitely up to Hog standard, but there's gotta be more. After Hog and the star brothers said they have some new stuff but it's just not ready for an audience yet, I think the Town Pump on a rainy Monday night is a good time to take some chances. Other items in mind: the Hog Records and the "Mint Records" Bill Baker. Old friends meet good business deal? Hope so. The Hog brothers intend to tour Canada in mid-May and then swing down into the east coast States to tag-team with some Sub Pop band, preferably old man TAD. Unfortunately, the European TAD/HOG fell through due to a yabally-looking agent from said continent. There is also the possibility of a 7" in the fall, so keep your fingers crossed.

Thornheart's "Load Band Gets Good Show Award" goes to Facepuncher. With only one live appearance under its belt, the band has landed the opening job for the upcoming Poison Isles/Melvis show at the Citadel Theatre on May 12. We're so, you lucky fucker!!

Soulcharge are in the studio recording their second tape but they're breaking with Victoria tradition by actually contemplating a vinyl release. Also, the band will hopefully be releasing a split 7" with Vancouver's own Paste who have yet to play a gig as far as I know) on Chikara Records sometime in the near future. Gotta love those well-defined record-release dates.

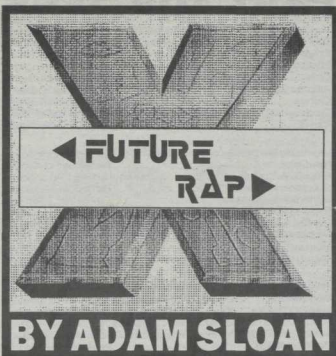
Now it's time for the long-awaited Wongs bio. Why do they get it? Because they rock with original songs, that's why, and don't let anyone tell you different unless you've seen and heard them for yourself.

Bandmembers are Dr. Pig (vocals), Kevin Rose (S.G.), Ralph Altan (bass) and Kerr Beliveau (drums). Ralph and Kevin had been successfully jamming for two years when they got together with Doug Donut. As good as Doug was, things didn't work out so along came Kerr. This time the magic was still there, leaving only the singing portion of the band unfilled. It was at a *Forgotten Rebels* show that the band was introduced to ex-SNLFer Ken Chin. After coming up with some good stuff at their first jam, the Pig decided to move to our fair city and thus the Wongs were born.

Their first show was excellent: green, plaster-type shit on the rhythm faces, a sharp three-piece on the guitarist and the Chi-nese popping out of a hand-painted, puffed-whipped-filled asbestos suit. Fuck yeah! Spunk never should have gotten on stage.

As far as recording goes, the Wongs want to have a lot of songs to choose from before putting out their first album. They've had a few of 'em, but so far a deal with Cargo Records is the only one they're seriously considering. Independent vs. commercial release is the Wongs' present dilemma. The technical end of their recording situation is well underway, with a studio being built in Kevin's basement. They've got the twelve track, they've got the Cecil English connection and they've got quality hard rock. When the Wongs have a disc, it will be a good thing. Their next show is with the Goo Goo Dolls and the "Shells" on May 3, followed by a possible all-gays the next night at the Lux, featuring the Octatractor, Gorilla Gorilla and maybe Rollage. If the Gorilla can drop their new-found fame and fortune crap and get down to some raw hardcore business, it should be a really hot line-up.

In closing, a personal message from me and the Tom. If you've got a demo, if you've got information, if you've got upcoming shows, if you've got GUEST LISTS, then we want to know about it. Special's our name, Vancouver's our game, and we want to help. Until next month—ROCK OUT.



In this edition of Future Rap,

I look at what's happening locally; I'll get back to the reviews again next month. If you don't see your name here and you're doing something, send me some information and a tape (if you have one) to this column. *Discorder Magazine*, Room 233, 6138 SUB Blvd, V6T 1Z1.

The biggest thing I know of happening in Vancouver is EQ, who are Ease and Quase, originally from the American Gulf Islands but now based here. They've released a vinyl EP and a cassette EP, and have opened up for a few rap acts, including Public Enemy. EQ's "Put Your Body In It" received airplay on LG73—a pretty good accomplishment for anyone. Pete Finesse and Showbiz—who are also being played on LG73 with their song "Where You At?" were formerly known as *Something*. Smooth and Ricky Dee; *Something*. Smooth, a/k/a Neil Scobie, started CTR's first all-rap show, *In Effect*. Terror T and the Beat Assassinator released a full-length cassette last fall and won best MC at CTR's DJ Soundwar. BZ Jam and the Urban Brotherhood Committee are kickin' around some demos, as are The Eskimo Tribe. Craig Crush and First

Offence have been doing a lot of shows in clubs, and just landed a deal with Flex Management of Toronto. Most of these people have more stuff coming out soon so keep your ears open. Other groups comin' up include Chaz EB and Code Black, Killa D and DJ Force, the Inevitable Rhyme Society, and King V. Give the scene a few more years and it could be lookin' good.

Presently, CTR FM 101.9 has two rap shows: *In Effect*, Saturdays 3-5 pm and *Megablast*, Thursdays 1-4 pm. CJIV 93.9 FM also has *Soul Sonic* 9-12 Friday nights and CFRO FM 102.7 has a hip hop show Wednesday nights, 9-12.

And finally, a few interesting facts about rap in Vancouver. The first rap competition was the DJ Soundwar, held by CTR here at UBC last September—by the way, Part II will be held this September, so start thinking about it now if you want to enter. Also of note, the first four rap acts to come to Vancouver were: Grandmaster Flash, summer, 1984; The Fat Boys, August, 1988; Boogie Down Productions, August, 1988; and Ice-T, August, 1989.

This month's best rap comes from Stetsasonic's *Blood, Sweat and No Tears* album. Slammin'!





SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM The newest new music and information on concerts, recordings, composers with Ian Cuttsley.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CTR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM Host: George Banfill and Mike Cherry. Reggae immediately and from dancehall, Dub, Roots, Love-rock, Rock Steady, Ska and beyond.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-8:00PM All the day's news, weather and sports. Plus an in-depth interview, movie reviews and more. Hosted by Luc Dinsdale.

HEAR SAY 6:00-6:00PM CTR's literary arts program needs YOU to submit your works for on-air performance of reading.

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS 6:00-8:00PM From the global cultures of electronic music to the rhythms of salsa to Cueva, alternating Sundays with Smell the Bitch!

SMELL THE BITCH! 6:00-8:00PM John Casablanca's means nothing. Fresh faces means nothing. Chinque means nothing. Richmond boxes me. Yes, Andreia, I can love you. Sunday with Electronic Smoke Signals.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KJIC (Los Altos, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Wake up with the CTR Morning Show. All the news, sports and weather you need to start your day. What's happening at UBC each day with UBC Digital, a feature interview and more. Topped off with the BBC World Service News at 8:00AM, live from London, England. Hosted by Tracy Dolan.

BREAKFAST 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brownies, James and Peter offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly luscious blend of aural delight. Tune in or enjoy each weekly brownie plate special.

SOUL CHURCH 12:00-1:00PM Playing the best of African-American and African-Caribbean gospel music traditions. Your rotating hosts: Dave Langille and Mark Harris.

6th Mother's Day Special. Music from the Swan Sisters, the Soul Sisters, and many others.

13th Today local gospel performer Marcus Mosley will be playing material from his own collection of gospel records.

20th Mark's last show - the very best in the grand Afro-American gospel tradition, and a few oddities.

27th The First Show: Dave hosts the last Soul Church of the year - he'll be pulling out all the stops - the very best from his collection.

THE AFTERNOON REPORT 1:00-1:15PM News, sports and weather.

MEKANIKAL OBJECT NOIZE 1:15-3:00PM A musical amalgam of electronic effluvia with your hostess with the mostest, Jane Scudellier.

SWINGIN' SINGLES 3:00-6:00PM Do you like singles? I do, too! Join me, Felicity Dunbar and smell the rubber each week at this new time slot.

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM All the latest on campus: news, sports, an in-depth interview, theatre or film review, editorial commentary and more. Weekdays with host Ian Gunn.

SPORTS DIGEST 5:30-6:00PM Campus, amateur and professional sports with Keith Watson.

BOXERS SHORT BOYZ 7:00-9:00PM Just a couple of guys who like to walk around in their boxer shorts with their big fat guts hanging out. Jerome Broadway and Gamet Timothy. Many alternate weeks.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-excuse Gavin Walker. Features at 11:

6th: Scramble! The Blues is the title of saxophonist-composer Oliver Nelson's first really recorded. Inspired playing by powerful trumpeter Richard "Timothy" Henry and the great Eric Dolphy, an auto saxophone makes this album a contemporary masterpiece.

13th Ted Courson has always been an important but under-rated trumpet player. One of his finest recorded statements is the album "Pop Wine" Recorded in Paris 1977 with a great French rhythm section. A real surprise!

20th: The Crusaders were once one of the Jazz Crusaders and they were one of the best loved jazz groups, but they never got the critical recognition to sustain, so they turned their backs on jazz for funk and pop. Tonight The Jazz Crusaders.

27th: To top off the month of May, Miles Davis with Gil Evans Orchestra, George and Ira Gershwin's Piggy and Best, Essential Miles Davis.

PHENOMENON ONE 12:00-4:00AM Nowhere this lounge dance hall Reggae, dub plates and live DJ selections that are ruling Jamaica and abroad, with whiffy of the controls.

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Anthe Rowland.

ESSENTIALLY ELECTRIC 10:00-11:00AM Start your day with the Get from Izanama and the Get from Seattle, hosted by David Longridge.

BLOOD ON THE DANCEFLOOR 1:15-3:00PM Country music to scrape the cowhills off your boots to. Whiffy host-poke Jeff Grey.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 4:00-7:00PM Demo Director Dave Sawyer provides some insight into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music.

AVANT PIG 7:00-9:00PM Avant-garde thugery with Pete Lutwyche. First Tuesday each week. Women Music Explains!

WOLFBATHING 9:00PM-12:00AM The latest in dance music and interesting drama every second week. With Lupa Vandebray.

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Anthe Rowland.

LIVE FROM VENUS 10:00-11:00AM Get this! Women Music Women! Women Music Women!

POETRY WOMEN MUSIC WOMEN GO! 11:00-12:00AM Get this! Women Music Women! Women Music Women!

CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE 1:15-3:00PM Spring the best (and sometimes the worst) playlist material, bringing a variety of music styles from places you don't expect. With other radio hosts seriously appreciate requests. I work best under pressure and the gods have seen to that I am not overdone well with some blues, hence the title.

NORMAN'S KITCHEN 3:00-5:00PM Back in the kitchen, big time! With hostess Norman's Kitchen!

NO INTRUSION 5:00-6:00PM Addressing the drama, theatre, film and arts community. With Anthe Rowland.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE MINIMART 6:00-7:00PM Sweeten! Suckles of the UK. Wheel! Vertically placed! Rowena chucker textbooks aside. Let's boogie baby! To some FWW lasty de de.

JIGGLE 7:00-9:00PM Just because you fat, doesn't mean you're not sexy. Join the hostess, "Gave Brittle-head", joined by their adoring groupies, serve up breakfast all day from their portable kitchen. Jiggle jiggle jiggle. Jiggle! Low all splinter control.

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Anthe Rowland.

NOW YOU HAS JAZZ 10:00AM-11:00PM Hosted by Anthe Rowland. Special feature of noon.

DICK CARL'S COMPOST HEAT O' HITS! 1:15-3:00PM For indeed it's the best of the best. The best of the best. The best of the best.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by Anthe Rowland. Special feature of noon.

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1:00AM 100% Canadian institutional. Miss Davis with three-dimensional. George and Ira Gershwin's Piggy and Best, Essential Miles Davis.

PHENOMENON ONE 12:00-4:00AM Nowhere this lounge dance hall Reggae, dub plates and live DJ selections that are ruling Jamaica and abroad, with whiffy of the controls.

FRIDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by David Feldbaum.

SCRAMBLED EGGS 8:15-10:00AM A virtual potpourri of sounds from the smooth to the crunchy. Music to help you get your feet down.

MOVING IMAGES 10:30-11:00AM Join host Ken MacIntyre as he takes you on a tour through the silver screen. A look at the best of film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

THE INTERNATIONAL VENUS RHYTHM NETWORK 11:00AM-1:00PM Greg's back and has "post-late depression." Tune in, brothers and sisters for a whole month of depressing, joy Division, etc., (not). Bye.

THE NOIZ SHOW 2:30-3:30, 4:00-5:00PM Adam Noon Sloan brings the noiz.

NARDWARU THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM Join Nardwaru and his war cast of film news, reviews, interviews and soundtracks.

16th: Naked Lunch 30th: Speed Queens 30th: Surprise

THE CTR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM With "The Voice of Reason," our weekly look back at the week in the news, longue piece in check.

HOME TAPING HI-FI 6:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style maelstrom radio.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's Radio Free America series.

HOMERACKS 9:00PM-12:00AM Dope jams and fresh beats for a groovy evening with DJ Noah on the wheels of steel.

NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS 12:00AM-1:00AM Last Bus. Working and dissemination. Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream with P. Funk.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/folk/roque radio show. Now in its 6th year on CTR's radio music from around the world plus the World Cup.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports and other raffles. Gerald Rattlerhead and Metal Rondo the damage.

IN EFFECT 3:00-5:00PM The Hip Hop Beat and nutrition built.

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-8:00PM UBC's weekend news. All the latest news, sports, weather, a movie review, feature report and more. News with Luc Dinsdale. Doug Richards has sports.

VANCOUVER FOCUS 5:30-6:00PM Be informed about Art, theatre, film and any other cultural event happening in Vancouver. With Anthe!

THE AFRICAN SHOW 6:00-10:00PM It's a music thing from all Africa! It's an awareness thing of self and others. It's an African house party. Stories, music, dance fun. Welcome! Joy Dub! Umehah.

RADIO FREE PARKING 10:00PM-1:00AM A radio show with a difference. It's all about the music from seemingly nowhere much like the radio signals you pick up. An aural parking lot for the muses. No expectations. No disappointments.

THE ELECTRIC ENEMA 1:00-4:00AM No heavy disco beats allowed.

WHOM & HOW

PLEASE NOTE NEW NAMES...

ARTS JEROME PRINGLE

BOARD CHAIR SONIA FRASER

CURRENT AFFAIRS IAN GUNN

DEMOS/CASSETTES DALE SAWYER

ENGINEER RECHARD ANDERSON

ENTERTAINMENT LUC DINSDALE

STUDENT ENGINEER ADAM SLOAN

CHUCK SLIDE LEE

MOBILE SOUND DARREN REITER

MUSIC ROBBIN WATA

NEWS FEATURES TRACY DOLAN

PRESENTATION DARREN REITER

PRODUCTION JOEL FRANSEN

PROGRAMMING ADAM SLOAN

PROMOTIONS MIKE L'ARRANISSE

SPORTS TOMMY PALEY

STATION MANAGER LINDA SCHOLTEN

VOLUNTEER COORDINATOR BILL BAKER

BUSINESS LINE 604/822-3017

DJ LINE 604/822-2487 (822-CTR)

NEWS LINE 604/222-2487 (222-CTR)

FAK LINE 604/822-4093

ENVOY LINE CTR-FM

STAND IN LINE ROOM 233, EAST SIDE, SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING AT 1383 BAYVIEW BOULEVARD, UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, VANCOUVER, BC, CANADA V6T 1Z1. Note the new postal code!!!!

ACCESS

CTR provides free airtime for Community Access by groups and individuals wishing to share some thoughts with our listeners. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the Adam the PD at 822-3017.

CHARTS

CTR does not use "rotations" in its programming; all musical selections are chosen by individual programmers. The Long Grooves, Short Grooves and Single Magnetic Paritycharts charts to the left are based on and are organized solely on airplay. These charts are a fairly break up CTR's musical playlist into three groups: long-playing albums, CDs and cassettes, 12" and 7" singles and EPs and CD singles and single cassette and demo tape that is only playable dubbed into tape format such as cassette tapes.

For more information on CTR's musical programming, please call the Robyn the MD at 822-3017.

NCR '91

As per tradition, CTR will be sending delegates to the National Community Radio Association Conference, this year to be hosted by CKUT-FM Radio McGill in July in Montreal, Quebec. Adult boards and artists are once again invited to use this opportunity to get your promotional material distributed by CTR to the delegates attending the conference. For more information, please call Robyn at 822-3017.

DJSW #2

Plans are currently under way for DJ's during War Chapter 2, the Vancouver regional hip hop competition to be held in the fall. Previous competition categories: DJ, MC, dancers, all crew. Prizes included technical equipment, magazine subscriptions, apparel gift certificates, records and lots more. For more information, call Adam at 822-3017.

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pull tab

by
rob howatson



sue: where's chip?
mitty: he's dead.
sue: how did he—?
mitty: he swallowed a pull-tab.
sue: a what?
mitty: a pull-tab, those ring things on beer cans.
sue: you mean the metal thing you pull on?
mitty: yeah, the pull-tab thing. I don't know what they're called.
sue: how'd he manage that?
mitty: It must've come loose and fallen in his beer. he choked on it.
sue: I always take mine off, first thing. as soon as I crack open a fresh one, off comes the ring-thing.
mitty: yeah, well, chip was different.

chip: when I'm finished a can of beer, I pry the pull-tab off the top and drop it through the little hole. that's the way I drink my beers. It just seems natural to me. then when I go to the bar and shake the can around, I don't have to say anything. the bartender hears this rattling noise. he turns around. he gives me another beer. it works like a charm. or at least it worked good until the night I took the big fall.

the commodore ballroom is the grand old dame of vancouver's night circuit. she flourished in the forties when people used to go and dance to big bands. sometime since then, the big bands vanished and were replaced by smaller ones. nowadays, people go to the commodore, not to dance, but to stand around at the foot of the stage and watch small bands. if the music's really good, the crowd jumps up and down in unison and the dance floor jumps with them.

the underside of the commodore dance floor is lined with springs or foam or horsehair or tennis balls—depending on who you talk to.

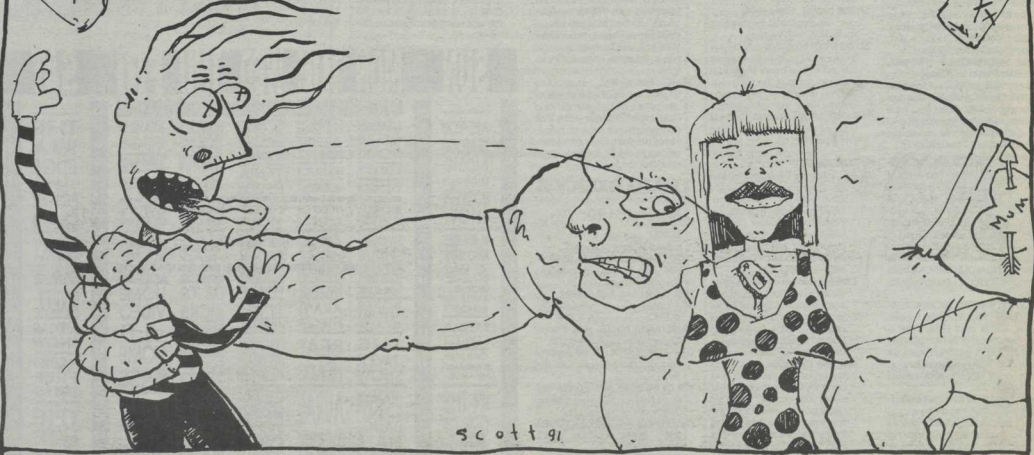
sometimes they doesn't always stay riveted, them pull-tabs.

he was at a concert at the commodore. somehow the pull-tab on his can of beer fell inside his drink. when he went to take a gulp, the pull-tab lodged itself in his windpipe. he began choking. people saw him bent over and crashing around on the dancefloor. everyone thought he was drunk. his head brushed against the backside of a very large man and that man turned around and threw chip across the hall. chip did a kind of bellyflop onto a table and the pull-tab came shooting out of his mouth. it stuck to the collarbone of a young woman in a black bustier. as the woman was about to remove the projectile from her chest, the metal tab suddenly came unlatched and slid down the shadowy chasm of her cleavage. all of this, from the bellyflop onwards, was witnessed by one of the club's bouncers, who, it just so happens, was dating the bustier woman at the time. the boyfriend bouncer wrapped chip in a full-nelson and carried him to the top of the stairs, where he proceeded to punt the young man's body off the upper landing.

chip half-flew, half-rolled down the red carpeted stairs and crashed through the big red double doors. he spilled out onto the sidewalk, and lay very still; a bloody dishevelled heap.

for awhile people just walked around him. no one stopped. then an old man in a wheelchair rolled up to chip and gave him a little kick. there was no response. so the old man took out his harmonica and played a few notes of tin soldier and then wheeled away.

the cause of death is sketchy. it could have been the pull-tab or the bellyflop or the full-nelson or the kick from the upper landing. the kick from the old man is an unlikely contributor. exposure has not been ruled out. chip was out there on granville for quite awhile. the mail can get pretty cold at night.



s c o t t 91

Sam the Record Man

CANADA'S LARGEST AND BEST KNOWN RECORD STORES

IN A WORLD OF RULES AND LIMITATIONS

NOT EVERYTHING HAS TO BE BLACK OR WHITE

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- Travel to the May 10 Butthole Surfer's performance where you will be Hamm's personal guest!
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- Dine with consummate grace at a deuteronomously bema-epitomable dining establishment in close proximity to a set of glorious arches of gold!
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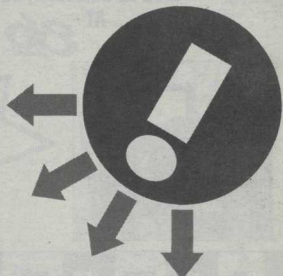
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